

THE
SALVATION ARMY



**SALVATION
SONGS**

COMPILED BY
COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH

PREPARED BY:

**Music
Department**



The Heritage Project

SALVATION ARMY MUSIC COLLECTION

Ecbc25@hotmail.com

SONGS OF SALVATION

COMPILED BY
COMMANDER EVA BOOTH



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P R E F A C E.

WHO can estimate the power of song? Its depths are entwined in the very heart-strings of humanity, and its heights echo in the heavenly courts of the world above. Universal testimony has acclaimed music as the most potent agency for both the expressing and imparting of the strongest emotions of the soul, and there is no sphere or circumstance which hath not laid claim to its irresistible influence and charm.

Destinies of nations have swung on its rhythm as steel has clashed steel of armies brought to the death-clutch to some martial strain. Kingly minds have swayed and changed at the master touch of a musician's finger. Deep heart-wounds have been gently probed and balm administered by the consoling cadence of a sweet refrain. Eyes long dry and lips long set in hardness have dimmed and trembled before the penetrating call of a plaintive note.

With that keen appreciation for the attractive and effective, which has characterized every step of its onward march, The Salvation Army has ever harnessed this powerful steed to its chariot wheels. The music of its people has made an indelible mark upon the masses; not for its tunefulness alone, but for the blessing borne on its wing. Dying poor have peacefully embarked on the long tide; prison flags have been consecrated by penitents' tears; sufferers on hospital cots have been brightened and eased; ribald songs have hushed around the clatter of the saloon counter; high-handed rebels against God's law and love have been arrested and convicted on the street corner; while within our thousands of Army halls sinners of every condition and natives of every clime date their search and discovery of the Pearl of greatest price to the same God-sped messenger—Salvation music.

In sending forth this new collection of Army hymnology, I want to enlist every reader in the regiment of song. The most powerful instrument in the world is the human voice, for where strings and notes may never come, this God-built organ of the throat swells and thrills. Thousands have not the skill, and thousands more have not the means to either manipulate or possess an instrument of their own, but there are few who have not some kind of a vocal organ at their disposal. We have very largely used this in The Salvation Army, but have we used it as we should, and do we to-day use it as in days gone by? Song has been the wing that has carried afly every revival, and many of the greatest and most lasting of these owe their very life to its inspiration in the seventeenth century. On field and highway the songs of Wesley and his followers sowed the seeds of Methodism; in the nineteenth century, on Mile End Waste, the songs of General William Booth and his handful of helpers planted the roots of that mighty tree, in whose branches the sad and sin-sick of every nation have found salvation and security. When the eminent journalist, W. T. Stead, returned from Wales, where he had been making a study of the spiritual phenomenon which has recently taken place there, he was asked if he thought the revival would reach London. He replied: "It all depends upon whether you can sing or not." And who can tell how mighty a wave of awakening and salvation over this great country may await the use we make of this invulnerable weapon of liberty and light and joy, and in commending this book of God-inspired hymns to you, by my abundant confidence in the power of song to reach, touch, and inspire the human heart in all the shadows and ills of life, I would say, to the glory of God in the highest, sing, sing, sing!

Evangeline Booth

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Up in the golden city..... 121	While the heavenly music.....
Victory for me..... 111	Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow.....
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We are marching on with shield and banner bright..... 116	Who'll be the next?.....
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EXPLANATORY NOTES.

REFERENCES.

1. The references at the head of the Songs in ordinary type refer to "Salvation Army Music," and to the new Band Book, the numbers being the same, as the tunes and their order are in the Music Book and Band Book, both of which can be obtained from the Trade Department. The italicised references which appear in some instances (for example, "Near the Cross," B. J. 8—see song 4) have reference to tunes not contained in either the new Music Book or the Band Book.

Where a number is given at the bottom of a song that means the number in "Popular Songs of the Flag," where the music can be found. This book can also be purchased at the Trade Headquarters.

2. Over each Song letters or figures are in most cases given indicative of the metre (such as L. M., 6-8's etc.), and following these figures appear letters which refer to Sections of the Metrical Index to Tunes which will be found at the end of the Book, in which Index other tunes to which the song may be sung will also be found.

3. The pitch is given in a double form. Thus, in Song 2, A—Bb, the first is the vocal (Concert), and the second is the Brass Band pitch. Where more than one tune is given, the pitch is only for the first.

INDEXES.

Songs are more readily remembered by some people by the first line of the Chorus rather than the first line of the Song itself. To meet this, the General Index, in addition to giving the first line of the Song, gives the first line of the Chorus in italics.

CHORUSES.

The collection of Choruses at the end of the book consists of both old and new Choruses. They are arranged under proper headings and according to keys, so that there will be found in this collection ready-made Medleys for all occasions. To an Officer or a Leader of an Open-air Meeting this will prove very helpful.

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SALVATION SONGS.

SALVATION.

CALVARY.

1 Remember Me, 58. Belmont, 24.
C. M. b. G—Ab.

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Did He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

Remember me, remember me,
O Lord, remember me!
Remember, Lord, Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

2. Was it for sins that I have done
He suffered on the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3. Dear Saviour, I can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

2 Better World, 123.
Behold the Lamb, 122.
8's & 3's n. G—Bb.

1. Behold! behold the Lamb of God,
On the Cross;
For us He shed His precious Blood,
On the Cross.

Oh, hear His all-important cry,
"Why perish, blood-bought sinner,
why?
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the Cross.

2. Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,
On the Cross;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the Cross.

The rocks do rend, the mountains
quake,
While Jesus doth salvation make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the Cross.

3. And now the mighty deed is done,
On the Cross;
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
On the Cross.
To Heaven He turns His dying eyes,
"Tis finished!" now the Conqueror
cries;
Then bows His sacred head and dies,
On the Cross.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY COMMANDER
MISS BOOTH.

3 The Wounds of Christ, 191.
The Lion of Judah, 190.
11's y. G—Bb.

1. Dark shadows were falling,
My spirit appalling,
For hid in my heart sin's deep crim-
son stains lay;
And when I was weeping,
The past o'er me creeping,
I heard of the Blood which can wash
sin away.

CHORUS.

The wounds of Christ are open,
Sinner, they were made for thee;
The wounds of Christ are open,
There for refuge flee.

2. It soothes all life's sorrows,
It smooths all its furrows,
It binds up the wounds which trans-
gression has made;

It turns night to morning,
So truly adorning
The spirit with joy when all other
lights fade.

3. Come, cast in thy sorrow,
Wait not till to-morrow,
Life's evening is closing, the death-
bell will toll;
His Blood for thee streaming,
His grace so redeeming,
His love intervening will pardon thy
soul. 10

4 *Near the Cross.* B. J. 8.
Ab—Bb.

1. Jesus, keep me near the Cross,
There a precious Fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream—
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHORUS.

In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2. Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me:
There the Bright and Morning Star
Shed His beams around me.

3. Near the Cross, O Lamb of God!
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.

4. Near the Cross I'll watch and
wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

5 *On the Cross of Calvary.* 93.
7's g. C—D.

1. On the Cross of Calvary,
Jesus died for you and me;
There He shed His precious Blood,
That from sin we might be free.
Oh, the cleansing stream does flow,
And it washes white as snow!
It was for me that Jesus died
On the Cross of Calvary.

CHORUS.

On Calvary, on Calvary,
It was for me that Jesus died
On the Cross of Calvary.
2. Oh, what wondrous, wondrous
love,
Brought me down at Jesus' feet!
Oh, such wondrous, dying love,
Asks a sacrifice complete!
Here I give myself to Thee,
Soul and body Thine to be;
It was for me Thy Blood was shed
On the Cross of Calvary.

3. Clouds and darkness veiled the
sky,
When the Lord was crucified;
"It is finished!" was His cry,
When He bowed His head and
died.
It is finished, it is finished,
All the world may now go free;
It was for this that Jesus died
On the Cross of Calvary. 90

6

MUSIC BY COMMANDER MISS BOOTH.
1. Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou didst bear earth's spite and
treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season;
Seeking me Thy worn feet hastened,
On the Cross Thy soul death tasted;
Let not all these tolls be wasted.

CHORUS.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Canst Thou my transgressions take?
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Wash my sins for Thy dear sake.

2. Think how far in dark delusion
I had wandered in confusion—
Wandered, stained by sin's pollution;
Here I mourn my sad condition.
See me weep in deep contrition,
Weep and yield Thee full submission.

3. With the guilty past distressing,
Anguish hard my soul oppressing,
Now I come, my sin confessing,
Let Thy love, my poor heart filling,
Save and cleanse, this tempest still-
ing;
Thine to live or die I'm willing. 27

7 It Was On the Cross, 8.
Thy Will Be Done, 18.
L. M. a. G—Bb.

- When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my
God; [most,
All the vain things that charm me
I sacrifice them to His Blood.
- See from His head, His hands, His
feet, [down;
Sorrow and love flow mingled
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- Were the whole realm of nature
mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

SINNERS INVITED.

8 Sovereignty, 119. Madrid, 117.
6-8's m. Eb—F.

- Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder
tree? [cry?—
What means that strange expiring
(Sinners, He prays for you and
me)
"Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive!
They know not that by Me they
live!"
- Thou loving, all-atonning Lamb!
Thee—by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and
shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.
- Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with
my tears!
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quickening
sound,
Since I, e'en I, have mercy found.

9 Almost Persuaded. B. J. 51.
Ab—Bb.

- "Almost persuaded now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to re-
ceive:
Seems now some soul to say—
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way:
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."
- "Almost persuaded:" come, come
to-day!
"Almost persuaded:" turn not away!
Jesus invites you here.
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear,
O wanderer, come!
- "Almost persuaded:" harvest is
past! [at last!
"Almost persuaded:" doom comes
"Almost" cannot avail:
"Almost" is sure to fail:
Sad, sad, that bitter wall—
"Almost—but lost!"

10 Are You Coming Home To-night? B. J. 367.

Ab—Bb.

- Are you coming home, ye wan-
derers,
Whom Jesus died to win—
All footsore, lame and weary,
Your garments stained with sin?
Will you seek the Blood of Jesus
To wash your garments white?
Will you trust His precious promise?
Are you coming home to-night?

CHORUS.

Are you coming home to-night?
Are you coming home to-night?
Are you coming home to Jesus,
Out of darkness into light?
Are you coming home to-night?
Are you coming home to-night?
To your loving Heavenly Father
Are you coming home to-night?

- Are you coming home, ye lost
ones?
Behold, your Lord doth wait!

Come, then, no longer linger,
Come, ere it be too late!
Will you come and let Him save you?
Oh, trust His love and might!
Will you come while He is calling?
Are you coming home to-night?

3. Are you coming home, ye guilty,
Who bear the load of sin?
Outside you've long been standing,
Come now, and venture in!
Will you heed the Saviour's promise?
And dare to trust Him quite?
"Come unto Me!" saith Jesus:
Are you coming home to-night?

11 *Make No Delay.* S. M. I. 137.
B. J. 34.

Bb—C.

1. Come to the Saviour, make no delay,
Here in His Word He has shown us the way;
Here in our midst He's standing [to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

CHORUS.

Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free:
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home!

2. Come to the Saviour! Oh, hear His voice!
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our [choice:
Do not delay, but come!

3. Think once again, He's with us to-day, [obey:
Heed now His blest commands, and Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Come to your Saviour, come!"

12 *The Lion of Judah*, 190.
Stand Like the Brave, 187.
11's y. D—E.

1. Come, sinners, to Jesus,
No longer delay;
A free, full salvation
Is offered to-day;
Arise, all ye bond-slaves,
Awake from your dream!
Believe and the light and
The glory shall stream.

CHORUS.

For the conquering Saviour shall
break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again.

SECOND CHORUS.

Stand like the brave with your face
to the foe.

2. The world will oppose you,
And Satan will rage:
To hinder your coming
They both will engage;
But Jesus, your Saviour,
Has conquered for you,
And He will assist you
To conquer them too.

3. Though tough be the fighting,
And troubles arise,
There are mansions of glory
Prepared in the skies:
A crown and a kingdom
You shortly shall view—
The laurels of victory
Are waiting for you.

13 *Room for Jesus*, 153.
Never Can Tell, 148.

8's & 7's s. C—D.

1. Have you any room for Jesus—
He who bore your load of sin?
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?

CHORUS.

Room for Jesus, King of Glory!
Hasten now, His Word obey!
Swing your heart's door widely open!
Bid Him enter while you may.

2. Room for pleasure, room for business;
But for Christ the Crucified—

Not a place that He can enter,
In the heart for which He died!

3. Have you any time for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again?
Oh, "to-day" is time "accepted,"
To-morrow you may call in vain.

14 No Other Argument, 53.
Congress, 28.

C. M. b. Bb—C.

1. Jesus, the name high over all,
In Hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before Him fall,
And devils fear and fly.

CHORUS.

We have no other argument,
We want no other plea;
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for me.

2. Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
He scatters all their guilty fear,
He turns their Hell to Heaven.

3. Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls He
speaks,
And life into the dead.

4. Oh, that the world would taste
and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

15 Ab—Bb.
1. Let me sing to you in a glad refrain
That Jesus waits to pardon you;

Let me tell it over to you again
That Jesus waits to pardon you.
You've tried and always tried in
vain,
To free your soul from Satan's
reign;
Oh, turn to Jesus, He'll break every
chain!
For Jesus waits to pardon you.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus waits to pardon you,
To freely, freely pardon you.
Jesus waits to pardon you,
To freely pardon you.

2. What a sad, sad day when you
hear no more
That Jesus waits to pardon you,
When the time is past and the sea-
son o'er,
That Jesus waits to pardon you.
Ere death shall come and you must
die,
Before the days of grace go by,
Turn ye, or you will hear the bitter
cry:
"No Jesus waits to pardon you!"

16 While He's Waiting, 290.
G—Bb.

1. Love of love so wondrous,
Rich and free!
Now the King of Glory
A pardon offers thee.

CHORUS.

While He's waiting, pleading, knock-
ing,
Let Him in!

2. For thy heart He's waited
Days and years;
And thy sins, long hated,
Have caused Him bitter tears.

3. Soon the day is coming
When alone—
Trembling or rejoicing—
Thou must His kingship own.

17 *Blessed Be the Name of the Lord.* B. J. 43.

Bb—C.

1. O sinner, come to Jesus,
And give your heart to Him,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
And He will make you holy,
And save you from all sin;
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

CHORUS.

When the stars of the elements are
falling,
And the moon shall be turned into
blood,
As the children of the Lord are re-
turning home to God,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

2. It does not matter whether
We are black or white,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
For God says, "Whosoever"
Can come and be put right;
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

3. And when the Saviour calls us
To cross cold Jordan's tide,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
I'm sure that He will help us,
And be close by our side;
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

18 *Mercy Still for Thee,* 49.
D. C. M. b. A—C.

1. O wanderer, knowing not the
smile
Of Jesus' lovely face,
In darkness living all the while,
Rejecting offered grace:
To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound,
Thy soul He waits to free;
Thy Saviour hath a ransom found,
There's mercy still for thee!

CHORUS.

There's mercy still for thee!
There's mercy still for thee!
Poor trembling soul, He'll make thee
whole,
There's mercy still for thee!

2. For thee, though sunk in deep
despair,

Thy Saviour's Blood was shed;
He for thy sins was as a lamb
To cruel slaughter led,
That thou mayst find, poor sin-sick
soul,
A pardon full and free;
What boundless grace, what won-
drous love!
There's mercy still for thee!

3. Though sins of years rise moun-
tains high,
And would thy hopes destroy,
Thy Saviour's Blood can wash away
The stains, and bring thee joy.
Now lift thy heart in earnest prayer,
To Him for safety flee;
While still the angels chant the
strain,
"There's mercy still for thee!"

19 *Oh, Yes, There's Salvation for
You!*
M. S. I. 10; B. J. 42.

D—Eb.

1. O'er Columbia, from ocean to
ocean,
The Salvation Army you'll see,
Filled with love and a Saviour's de-
votion,
[free.
Everywhere slaves of sin setting
Our meetings make many assemble,
Jesus only we lift up to view,
And we'll shout till we make Satan
tremble,
[you!"
"Sinner, there is salvation for

CHORUS.

Oh, yes, there's salvation for you!
Oh, yes, there's salvation for you!
For you on the Cross Jesus suffered,
Sinner, there is salvation for you!

2. We see how that sin's desolation
Now threatens our land to deform;
On Jesus, our Rock and Foundation,
There's safety alone from the
storm.
With the blood-and-fire flag wav-
ing o'er us,
Though only a tried, faithful few,

In the might of our Captain we'll
conquer, [you!] Telling all "There's salvation for.

3. The outcast, the drunkard bring
hither, [brim; And all steeped in sin to the
May zeal for our Master ne'er
wither, [dim. Nor desire for His glory grow
May we from The Army ne'er sever,
But ever to Jesus prove true,
Let this be our war-cry forever,
"Sinner, there is salvation for
you!"

25

20 My Jesus, I Love Thee, 185.
Oh, Turn Ye! (Adeste Fideles)
199.

11's y. Bb—C.

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye,
For why will ye die,
When God in great mercy
Is drawing so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you,
The Spirit says, "Come!"
And angels are waiting
To welcome you home.
2. How vain the delusion
That while you delay
Your heart may grow better
By staying away!
Come wretched, come starving,
Come just as you be,
While streams of salvation
Are flowing so free.

3. Why will you be starving
And feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus,
Enough and to spare:
If still you are doubting,
Make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy
Is boundless and free.

21 Lover of the Lord, 46.
Manchester, 47.
C. M. b. G—C.

1. Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek Thy Father's face!

Those new desires which in thee
burn
Were kindled by His grace.

CHORUS.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord!
Or you can't go to Heaven when you
die.

2. Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy humble sigh!
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3. Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live!
Come to His Cross, and grateful
learn
How freely He'll forgive.

22 Are You Washed? 207.
Sinner, See Yon Light, 271.
C—D.

1. Sinner, see yon light
Shining clear and bright
From the Cross of Calvary,
Where the Saviour died,
And from His side
Flowed the Blood that sets us free.

CHORUS.

Come away, come away,
To the Cross for refuge see.
See, the Saviour stands
With His bleeding hands,
Thy ransom He paid on the tree.

2. See, the Saviour stands
With His wounded hands,
And He calls aloud to thee,
"I for thee life gave,
Thy soul to save,
Now thy heart, oh, give to Me!"

3. Come away to Him
And confess thy sin,
Come to Him who died for thee;
To His feet draw near,
With heart sincere,
And from sin He'll set thee free.

23 The Glorious Fountain, 61.
Evan, 31.

C. M. b. A—C.

1. There is a Fountain filled with Blood,
Drawn from my Saviour's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That Fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream
His flowing wounds supply,
My Saviour's love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing His power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

24 WORDS AND MUSIC BY COMMANDER MISS BOOTH.

1. Thy sins have brought thee bitter grief,
And wrong has been thy unbelief;
But, as He told the dying thief,
He'll freely all forgive.

CHORUS.

Turn back, turn back!
Start just where thou art;
Turn back, turn back!
Bring thy broken heart;
Many are thy guilty sins
That do thy soul enthrall,
But Jesus filled a Fountain
To take them all.

2. Thy conscience oft by danger fraught,
Stern battles with thy soul has fought,
In seeking peace on Calvary bought,
When He does all forgive.

3. So deep the waters of regret
O'er sins, thy soul can ne'er forget
The long-rejected love, and yet
He'll freely all forgive.

4. 'Tis hard to tell how keen sin's woe—
Ask of the crowd its depth that know,
And turn to Him who loved you so;
He'll freely all forgive.

5. It gushed a river none could stay,
When devils trembled on that day;
That Blood can take all sin away,
And freely all forgive. 91

25 We're Bound for the Land, 201.

The Ash Grove, 200.
12's & 11's b2. F—G.

1. We're bound for the land
Of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy
The Kingdom of love;
Ye wanderers from God
In the broad road of folly,
Oh, say, will you go
To the Eden above?

CHORUS.

Will you go? Oh, say, will you go
to the Eden above?

2. In that blessed land
Neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields
Where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones,
Who in misery languish,
Oh, say, will you go
To the Eden above?

3. Each saint has a mansion,
Prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this small house
He is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers
With glory are burnished,
Oh, say, will you go
To the Eden above?

26 We're Traveling Home, 128.
Behold, Behold the Lamb, 122.
8's & 3's n. G—Bb.

1. We're traveling home to Heaven above,

Will you go?

To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go? [shore,
Millions have reached that blissful
Their trials and their labors o'er,
And yet there's room for millions
Will you go? [more,

2. We're going to see the bleeding
Will you go? [Lamb,

In rapturous songs to praise His
Will you go? [name,

Our sun will then no more go down,
Our moon no more will be with-
drawn,

Our days of mourning ever gone,
Will you go?

3. The way to Heaven is straight and
Will you go? [plain,

Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,
And thou shalt my salvation see."

Will you go?

27 Who'll Be the Next? 293.
Bb—Eb.

1. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next His Cross to
bear? [ing;

Someone is ready, someone is wait-
Who'll be the next a crown to

wear?

CHORUS.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the
next?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus
Follow Jesus now? [now—

2. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Come and bow at His precious
feet. [burden

Who'll be the next to lay every
Down at the Father's mercy-seat?

3. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus
Down through the Jordan's rolling
tide? [ransomed
Who'll be the next to join with the
Singing upon the other side?

28 My Wandering Boy. B. J. 368.
Ab—Bb.

1. Where is my wandering boy to-
night—

The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and
light,
The child of my love and prayer?

CHORUS.

Oh, where is my boy to-night?
Oh, where is my boy to-night?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him,
he knows;

Oh, where is my boy to-night?

2. Once he was pure as morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee;
No face was so bright, no heart more
true,
And none was so sweet as he.

3. Go for my wandering boy to-night;
Go, search for him where you will,
But bring him to me with all his
blight,
And tell him I love him still.

29 WORDS AND MUSIC BY COM-
MANDER MISS BOOTH.

1. Many fears,
Sins and tears,
 Crowd the path you've trod for years,
 Crowd the path you've trod for years.

CHORUS.

And yet He will thy sins forgive,
And yet He will thy sins forgive;
Oh, come along, for Jesus is strong,
And He will thy sins forgive,

2. Sinner, hark!
In the dark! [bark,
Death's fierce storm will wreck your

3. Sad to tell
How you fell [Hell.
From great heights nigh down to

4. Conscience seared,
Judgment feared,
Every hope your sin has bleared.

5. Deeds now past,
How they cast
Shadows o'er thy soul which last.

6. Angels cry,
From the sky,
"Will you not prepare to die?"

7. In His face
All can trace
Wondrous love and boundless grace.

29

DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

30 A Dream of Judgment.

B. J. 269.

C—Eb.

1. I dreamed that the great Judgment morning [blown;
Had dawned, and the trumpet had
I dreamed that the nations had gathered [throne;
In Judgment before the white
From the throne went a bright
shining angel, [sea,
And stood on the land and the
And swore, with his hand raised to
Heaven,
That time was no longer to be.

CHORUS.

Then, oh, what a weeping and wailing
When the lost ones heard of their
fate! [mountains,
They cried to the rocks and the
They prayed, but their prayer was
too late!

2. The rich man was there, but his
money
Had melted and vanished away,
A pauper he stood at the Judgment—
His debts were too heavy to pay.

The great man stood there, but his
greatness [behind.
When death came was left far
The angel that carried the records
No trace of his greatness could
find.

3. The moral man came to the Judgment, [not do;
But his self-righteous rags would
The men that had crucified Jesus—
They passed off as moral men too.
The souls that had put off salvation— [by-and-bye—
"Not to-night, I'll get saved
No time now to think of religion"—
At last they had found time to die.

79

31 Death is Coming, 131. 8's & 5's p. C—D.

1. Sinner, whither would you wander?
Whither would you stray?
Oh, remember, life is slender,
"Tis but a short day!

CHORUS.

Death is coming, coming, coming,
And the Judgment Day;
Hasten, sinner, to the Saviour!
Seek the narrow way!

2. Satan has resolved to have you
For his lawful prey;
Jesus Christ has died to save you—
Haste, oh, haste away!

3. Soon you'll see the Lord descending
On His great white throne,
Saints and sinners all attending
To receive their doom.

4. Would you 'scape the awful sen-
From destruction flee! [tence?
Seek the Lord by true repentance—
Haste to Calvary.

32 The Blast of the Trumpet, 188. Hallelujah, 'Tis Done, 193. 11's y. Ab—Bb.

1. The blast of the trumpet,
So loud and so shrill,
Will shortly re-echo
O'er ocean and hill.

CHORUS.

When the mighty, mighty, mighty
trump sounds, "Come, come
away!"
Oh, may we be ready to hail that
glad day!

2. The earth and the waters
Shall yield up the dead,
And the saved ones with joy will
Awake from their bed.

3. The shouts of the angels
Will burst from the skies,
And blend with the shouts of
The saints as they rise.

4. The cry of the lost ones,
Their groans of despair,
And loud hallelujahs
Will meet in the air.

5. Acknowledged by Jesus,
Confessed as His own,
Transported to Glory,
We'll sit on His throne.

33 Haste Away to Jesus. 36.
D. C. M. b. D—F.

1. The angel of the Lord shall stand,
While thousand thunders roar,
And swear, by Heaven's eternal
throne,
That time shall be no more;
The earth and everything therein
Shall melt with fervent heat,
And sinners found still in their sin
Will have their God to meet.

CHORUS.

Haste away to Jesus—
Oh, hear the warning cry!
Haste away to Jesus,
For death is drawing nigh.

2. In vain they'll cry for rocks to
Them from Jehovah's face; [hide
But, cursed by sin, they'll be denied—
They'll have no hiding-place.
Before God's bar we all must go,
And hear the sentence given,
"Depart, ye cursed, into Hell!"
Or, "Come with Me to Heaven!"

3. When once the Judgment Day is
past,
Twill be in vain to pray;
Wherever then your lot is cast,
Forever you must stay.
Oh, awful thought! When time's no
This is God's firm decree, [more,
In happiness or woe you'll dwell
Through all eternity!

34

Ab—Bb.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord
shall sound,
And time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal,
bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather
Over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there!

CHORUS.

When the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there!

2. On that bright and cloudless morn-
ing, [rise,
When the dead in Christ shall
And the glory of His resurrection
share—
When His chosen ones shall gather
To their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there!

3. Let us labor for the Master
From the dawn till setting sun,
Let us tell of all His wondrous love
and care,
Then, when all of life is over,
And our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder,
We'll be there!

*The Heavenly Music. S. M. I.***35**

168. B. B. 58.

F—G.

1. We shall see the Judge descending
On that great day!
While the heavenly music
Sounds so sweetly through the air.

2. We shall hear the thunder rolling !
3. We shall see our children coming !
4. Then repentance will be useless !
5. Oh, you'll wish you'd been converted !

36 *My Lord, What a Mourning!*
S. M. II. 15.

1. You'll see the great white throne,
And stand before it all alone,
Waiting for the King to call,
When the stars begin to fall !

CHORUS.

My Lord, what a mourning,
When the stars begin to fall !

2. Before the Judgment-seat
Your sentence will the King repeat !
Terror will you then enthrall,
When the stars begin to fall !
3. You'll see the King come forth
To judge the nations in His wrath !
Sinners to the rocks will call
When the stars begin to fall !
4. You'll hear Him say, "Well done!"
To all who have the battle won.
Oh, that He may claim us all,
When the stars begin to fall.

38

SINNERS SEEKING PARDON.

37 *Jordan's Flood*, 94.
There is a Happy Land, 95.
7's & 4's h. A—Bb.

1. As I am, before Thy face,
Saviour I pray,
Let the merits of Thy grace
Claim me to-day.
Canst Thou my poor treasure take,
And my heart Thy temple make ?
Can my sins, for Thy dear sake,
Be washed away ?

2. As I am, my griefs I lay
Down at Thy feet ;
Stoop to kiss my tears away,
Lord, I entreat.
None but Thine own hand can heal,
None but Thine own eye reveal
All I want and all I feel,
Lord, let me come !

3. All my past is known to Thee,
Lord, let me come !
All my future Thou canst see,
Lord, let me come !
Take me, I can trust my all
In Thy hands, whate'er befall,
Then no tempest shall appal,
Lord, let me come !

38 *Depth of Mercy*, 80.
Tossing Like a Troubled, 87.
7's e. C—D.

1. Depth of mercy ! Can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God His wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

CHORUS.

God is love, I know, I feel !
Jesus lives and loves me still.

2. I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3. Jesus speaks and pleads His Blood !
He disarms the wrath of God ;
Now my Father's mercies move,
Justice lingers into love.

4. There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds and spreads His
God is love, I know, I feel, [hands !
Jesus lives and loves me still.

39 *Yes, Oh, Yes !* 115.
Realms of the Blest, 110.
8's k. G—Bb.

1. I have heard of a Saviour's love,
And a wonderful love it must be :
But did He come down from above
Out of love and compassion for me ?

CHORUS.

Yes, oh, yes!
Out of love and compassion for me!

2. I have heard how He suffered and bled,
How He languished and died on the tree;
But then is it anywhere said
That He languished and suffered
for me?

3. I've been told of a Heaven on high,
Which the soldiers of Jesus shall see;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnished for me?

40 Take All My Sins Away, 135.
Just As I Am, 134.
8.8.8.6. q. G—Bb.

1. Just as I am—without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to
Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark spot—
To Thee whose Blood can cleanse
each blot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
lieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am—Thy love I own
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

41 Nothing But Thy Blood, 259.
G—Ab.

1. Jesus, see me at Thy feet,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
Thou alone my need canst meet,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

CHORUS.

No! no! Nothing do I bring,
But by faith I'm clinging
To Thy Cross, O Lamb of God!
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

2. See my heart, Lord, torn with
grief,
Me unpardoned do not leave.

3. Dark, indeed, the past has been,
Yet in mercy take me in.

4. As I am, oh, hear me pray,
I can come no other way. **21**

42 Jesus, Lover of My Soul, 84.
Saviour, Lead Me, 86.
7's e. F—G.

1. Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

CHORUS.

Hear me, hear me,
Saviour, hear me while I pray.
As before Thy Cross I kneel,
Saviour, hear me while I pray.

2. Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

3. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.

4. All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

43 Even Me, 142.
Shall We Meet? 156.
8's & 7's s. Ab—Bb.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless-
ing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty soul refreshing:
Let Thy power descend on me—
Even me.

2. Come just now, Thou mighty Spirit,
Make me feel and make me see.
Send the burning, cleansing fire,
Now show forth Thy power in Even me. [me—

3. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see!
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—

44 My Jesus, I Love Thee, 185.
11's y. Bb—C.

1. O boundless salvation!
Deep ocean of love,
O fullness of mercy
Christ brought from above!
The whole world redeeming,
So rich and so free,
Now flowing for all men—
Come, roll over me!

2. My sins they are many,
Their stains are so deep,
And bitter the tears
Of remorse that I weep;
But useless is weeping,
Thou great crimson sea,
Thy waters can cleanse me,
Come, roll over me!

3. O ocean of mercy,
Oft longing I've stood
On the brink of thy wonderful,
Life-giving flood!
Once more I have reached
This soul-cleansing sea,
I will not go back
Till it rolls over me!

4. The tide is now flowing,
I'm touching the wave,
I hear the loud call
Of "The Mighty to Save";
My faith's growing bolder,
Delivered I'll be—
I plunge 'neath the waters,
They roll over me!

45 Pass Me Not, B. J. 14.
Death is Coming, 131.
C—D.

1. Pass me not, O loving Saviour!
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by!

CHORUS.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble
cry,
And while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by!

2. Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3. Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

46 Wells, 91. Spanish Chant, 90.
7's f. C—Eb.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,
Let the water and the Blood
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2. Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I will hide myself in Thee.

47 *Nothing But the Blood of Jesus.* B. J. 65.
Ab—Bb.

1. What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.
What can keep me always clean?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Oh, precious is the flow,
That washes white as snow!
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus!

2. What can sweep all doubts away?
Help me live by faith each day?
3. What can make me brave and strong?
Keep my conscience void of wrong?
4. What can put all earth's wrongs right?
Change sin's darkness into light?

48 WORDS AND MUSIC BY COMMANDER MISS BOOTH.

1. Blessed Lord, my past I bring,
On Calvary's mercy venturing;
My heart is torn, and my spirit worn,
With the strife and sorrow of sin.

CHORUS.

Over me, over me it is flowing,
Down beneath its waves I am going;
Over me, over me it is flowing,
Washing white as snow.

2. By the virtue of Thy grace,
Thou canst my many sins efface;
Oh, hear my prayer — save me from despair;
In Thy wounds for me there's a place.

3. All my idols now I cast
Before Thy Cross, and know Thou hast
My past forgiven; by the claims of Heaven
I, through Christ, have victory at last.

4. Now the Blood has set me free;
Thy grace, dear Lord's enough for me;
In all the strife of the battle life,
Conqueror over sin I shall be.

49 *Begone, Vain World!* 213.
G—C.

1. Begone, vain world!
Thou hast no charms for me,
My captive soul
Has long been held by thee;
I listened long
To thy vain song,
And thought thy music sweet,
And thus my soul
Lay groveling at thy feet.

2. What are thy charms,
Could I command the whole?
Thy mingled sweets
Could never feed a soul.
A nobler prize
Attracts mine eyes,
Where trees immortal grow,
A fruitful land
Where milk and honey flow.

3. Amazing grace!
Does Jesus plead for me
Then sure I am
The captive must be free.
For while He does
For sinners plead,
He's anxious to prevail,
And I believe
His Blood can never fail.

73

EXPERIENCE AND TESTIMONY.

50 *Sing Redeeming Love*, 59.
Now I Can Read, 54.
C. M. b. G—Bb.

1. Now I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

CHORUS.

So we'll stand the storm, for it won't
be very long,
We will anchor by-and-bye.

2. Should earth against my soul en-
And hellish darts be hurled, [gage
Bold I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3. Though cares like a wild deluge
And storms of sorrow fall, [come,
Soon I shall safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my all.

51 Climbing Up the Golden, 220.
C—Eb.

1. Oh, my heart is full of music and
of gladness, [upward fly;
As on wings of love and faith I
Not a shadow-cloud my Saviour's
face obscuring,
While I'm climbing to my home-
stead in the sky.

CHORUS.

Oh, I'm climbing up the golden stair
to Glory!

Oh, I'm climbing with my golden
crown before me!

I am climbing in the light,
I am climbing day and night,
I shall shout with all my might when
I get there.

Oh, I'm climbing up the golden stair
to Glory!

Oh, I'm climbing with my golden
crown before me!

I am climbing in the light,
I am climbing day and night,
I am climbing up the golden stair.

2. Every day it seems I want to love
Him better,
Every day it seems I want to serve
Him more,
Every day I try to climb the ladder
faster,
Every effort brings me nearer
Canaan's shore.

3. Oh, the joy of getting others to
climb with me!
Lost, despairing, broken-hearted,
all may come;
Calvary-love has made the stair a
very wide one,
Sinners, lay your burden down and
hasten home.

52 Down Where the Living, 224.
Bb—C.

1. Once I was far in sin,
But Jesus took me in,
Down where the living waters flow;
'Twas there He gave me sight,
And let me see the light,
Down where the living waters flow.

CHORUS.

Down where the living waters flow,
Down where the tree of life doth
I'm living in the light, [grow,
For Jesus now I fight,
Down where the living waters flow.

2. With Jesus at my side
I need no other guide,
Down where the living waters flow;
He is my Hope and Stay,
He saves me every day,
Down where the living waters flow.

3. When fighting here is o'er,
I'll rest for evermore,
Down where the living waters flow;
I'll join the blood-washed throng
And sing the angel's song,
Down where the living waters flow.

53 O Happy Day, 11. Mon-
mouth, 9. L. M. a. G—Bb.

1. Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and
pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
Happy day, happy day, etc.

2. Oh, happy bond that seals my
vows,
To Him that merits all my love!
Let cheerful praises fill His house,
While to His blessed throne I
move.

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

54 We'll All Shout, 198.
12's & 9's a 2. C—Eb

1. Oh, how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures
Tongue can never express [above;
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul filled with Jesus's love.

CHORUS.

We'll all shout hallelujah!
As we march along the way,
And we'll sing redeeming love
With the shining hosts above,
And with Jesus we'll be happy all
the day.

2. That sweet comfort is mine;
Now the favor divine [Lamb,
I've received through the Blood of the
With my heart I believe,
And what joy I receive,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3. 'Tis a heaven below
My Redeemer to know.
The angels can do nothing more
Than fall at His feet
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

55 Where Do You Journey?
289. A—C.

1. Some people I know don't live
holy,
They battle with unconquered sin,
Not daring to consecrate fully,
Or they full salvation would win.
With malice they have constant
trouble,
From fearing they long to be free,
With most things about them they
grumble, [me.
Praise God! this is not so with

CHORUS.

I know of a Saviour from sin.
Our almighty Jesus is able
To keep even me without sin.

2. Some people are useless to Jesus,
The reason is easy to find;
They're fighters when everything
pleases,

At other times hang on behind,
There are thousands, I know, join
the doubters,

While others backslide, I can see;
And some run away from the
shouters— [me.
Praise God! this is not so with

3. Some people enjoy full salvation,
Their peace like a river doth flow;
With them there is no condemnation,
[snow.

The Blood keeps them whiter than
Well saved. Praise the Lord! Halle-
lujah! [the tree;

Triumphant through Christ on
They fight in the sunshine of
Beulah— [me.
Praise God! this is just so with

56 At the Cross, 208.
Are You Washed? 207.
Ab—C.

1. When my heart was so hard
That I ne'er would regard
The salvation held up to my sight,
To the Cross when I came
In my darkness and shame, [light,
It was there where I first saw the

CHORUS.

At the Cross, at the Cross, where I
first saw the light, [away;
And the burden of my heart rolled
It was there by faith I received my
sight,

And now I am happy all the day.

2. For my blindness I thought
That no power could have wrought
Such a marvel of wonder and
But 'twas done, for I felt [might;
At the Cross as I knelt [light,
That my darkness was turned into

3. Then the gloom had all passed,
And, rejoicing at last, [right;
I was sure that my soul was made
For my Lord, I could see,

In His love died for me [light,
On the Cross where I first saw the

70

57 Come, Comrades, Dear, 126.
He Lives, 138.

8's & 6's r. A—C.

1. Come, comrades dear, who love
the Lord,
Who taste the sweets of Jesus' word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

2. We feel that Heaven is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high.
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

3. And when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of Love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead His soldiers forth
To living streams of richest worth
That never will run dry.

4. And then we'll shine, and shout
and sing, [ring,
And make the heavenly arches
When all the saints get home.
Come on, come on, my comrades dear,
We soon shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

58 My Sins Are Under, 256.
D—Eb.

1. God's anger now is turned away,
My sins are under the Blood;
My darkness He has changed to day,
My sins are under the Blood.

CHORUS.

My sins, my sins are under the Blood.
My guilt is gone and my soul is
free;
My peace, my peace is made with
God,
For the Lord has pardoned me,

2. My doubts are gone, the past for-
given,
My title's clear, I'm bound for
Heaven.

3. How sweet the Lord's alone to be!
What joy to know He cleanses me!

4. When sorrow's waves around me
roll,
In perfect peace He keeps my soul.

17

59 Oh, the Voice, 56.
Belmont, 24.

C. M. b. Fb—G.

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest,
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
, Thy head upon My breast."

CHORUS.

Oh, the voice to me so dear.
Breathing gently on my ear;
Happy soul, look up and see—
'Tis the Saviour speaks to thee.

2. I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one.
Stoop down, and drink and live."

4. I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul
revived,
And now I live in Him.

60 In Evil Long, 41.
Oh, the Lamb, 55.

C. M. b. A—C.

1. In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

CHORUS.

Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb of Calvary, [eth again
The Lamb that was slain, but liv-
To intercede for me!

2. I saw One hanging on a tree
In agony and blood,
Who fixed His dying eyes on me
As near the Cross I stood.

3. Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look, [death,
It seemed to charge me with His
Though not a word He spoke.

4. A second look He gave, which said:
"I freely all forgive;
This Blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayst live."

61

Wonderful Words of Life,
299. G—Bb.

1. I've heard of a Saviour whose love
was so strong
He loved a poor sinner like me;
He turned His back on the glorified
throng,
To save a poor sinner like me.
The angels they sang Him from Glory,
I'm glad that they told me the story;
He came from on high to suffer and
die
To save a poor sinner like me.

CHORUS.

My sins rose as high as a mountain,
They all disappeared in the Fountain;
He put my name down for a palace
and crown,
Bless His dear name, I'm free!

2. This wonderful Saviour took such
a low place,
To save a poor sinner like me;
His heart overflowing with wonder-
ful grace,
To save a poor sinner like me,
Was born in a stable and manger,
In His own world was a stranger,
With all things did part to win my
hard heart,
And save a poor sinner like me.

3. This Jesus had nowhere to lay His head.

To save a poor sinner like me.
He was as a lamb to the slaughter
led,

To save a poor sinner like me.
'Midst darkness my Saviour is dying,
" 'Tis finished!" I hear Jesus crying;
My soul may go free, He died on the
tree.

To save a poor sinner like me.

62 The Lily of the Valley, 239.

G—Bb.

1. I've found a Friend in Jesus,
He's everything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to
my soul,
The Lily of the Valley,
In Him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me
fully whole;
In sorrow He's my comfort,
In trouble He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll.

CHORUS.

He's the Lily of the Valley,
The Bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to
my soul.

2. He all my griefs has taken,
And all my sorrows borne;
In temptation He's my Strong and
Mighty Tower;
I've all for Him forsaken,
I've all my idols torn
From my heart and now He keeps
me by His power.
Though all the world forsake me,
And Satan tempts me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach
the goal.

3. He'll never, never leave me,
Nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do His
blessed will;
A wall of fire about me,
I've nothing now to fear;
With His manna He my hungry soul
shall fill;
Then, sweeping up to Glory,
I'll see His blessed face, [now,
Where rivers of delight shall ever

63 The Light of the World,
104.

7's & 6's i. A—Bb.

1. I once was very worldly,
The same as many more;
But since I've been to Jesus,
He's saved me, I am sure;
And if you're only willing
To give up all your sin,
My Saviour He is waiting,
I'm sure, to take you in.

CHORUS.

The Light of the world is Jesus,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
And if you come to Him,
He'll cleanse your soul from sin,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

2. You want to be made happy,
You wish to be made free,
You wish to go to Heaven,
I'm sure, the same as me;
And Hell, you would not share it,
You wou'd its terrors flee;
Then if you'll come to Jesus
His true light you shall see.

3. I have my little troubles,
I have my trials too,
But I am very thankful
I've One to take them to.
He never does deceive me,
But tells me what to do,
And if you'll only trust Him,
He'll do the same for you.

64 My Jesus, I Love Thee, 185.
Home, Sweet Home, 183.
11's y. Bb—C.

1. My Jesus, I love Thee,
I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the pleasures
Of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer,
My Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus, 'tis now.

2. I love Thee because Thou
Hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon
When nailed to the tree;

I love Thee for wearing
The thorns on Thy brow,
If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus, 'tis now.

3. I will love Thee in life,
I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long
As Thou lendest me breath;
And say, when the death dew
Lies cold on my brow,
"If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus, 'tis now."

65 My Saviour Suffered, 255.
C—Bb.

1. My Saviour suffered on the tree,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
Oh, come and praise the Lord with
me,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

CHORUS.

The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding
Lamb,
I love the sound of Jesus' name;
It sets my spirit all in a flame—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

2. He bore my sins and curse and
shame,
And I am saved thro' Jesus' name.

3. I know my sins are all forgiven,
And I am on my way to Heaven.

4. And this my ceaseless song shall
be,
That Jesus tasted death for me.

66 Christ for Me, 124.
Tucker, 125.

8's & 3's. Eb—F.

1. My heart is fixed, eternal God,
Fixed on Thee;
And my unchanging choice is made:
Christ for me!
He is my Prophet, Priest and King,
Who did for me salvation bring;
And while I've breath I mean to
Christ for me! sing.

2. Let others boast of heaps of gold:
Christ for me!
His riches never can be told:
Christ for me!
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honors perish in a day;
My portion never can decay:
Christ for me!

3. At home, abroad, by night, by day
Christ for me!
Where'er I speak, or sing, or pray,
Christ for me!
Him first and last, Him all day long,
My hope, my solace, and my song;
I'll send the ringing cry along,
"Christ for me!"

HOLINESS.

SEEKING HOLINESS.

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice,
69.

67 Nearer My Home, 71.
S. M. c. Eb—G.

1. Before Thy face, dear Lord,
Myself I want to see;
And while I every question sing,
I want to answer Thee.

CHORUS.

While I speak to Thee,
Lord, Thy goodness show;
Am I what I ought to be?
O Saviour, let me know?

2. Am I what once I was?
Have I that ground maintained
Wherein I walked in power with
Thee,
And Thou my soul sustained?

3. Do I possess a heart
In thought and action clean?
From Monday morn till Sunday eve
Has my salvation been?

4. Have I the zeal I had
When Thou didst me ordain
To preach Thy word and seek Thy
Or do I feel it pain? [lost?

5. Am I the one to go
Where all is big and bright?
Or have I lost the zeal I know
To share the hardest fight?

68 Come, Comrades Dear, 136.
He Lives, 138.

S's & 6's r. A—C,

1. Come, Jesus, Lord, with holy fire,
Come and my quickened heart inspire,
Cleansed in Thy precious Blood;
Now to my soul Thyselv reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
Since I am born of God.

2. Let nothing now my heart divide,
Since with Thee I am crucified,
And live to God in Thee.
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Jesus, my glory be.

3. Me with a quenchless thirst inspire,
A longing, infinite desire,
And fill my craving heart,
Less than Thyselv, oh, do not give;
In might Thyselv within me live,
Come, all Thou hast and art.

4. My will be swallowed up in Thee,
Light in Thy light still may I see
In Thine unclouded face;
Called the full strength of trust to
prove,
Let all my quickened heart be love,
My spotless life be praise.

69 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.
69. Falcon Street, 67.

S. M. c. Eb—G.

1. Called from above I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies
Can make the foulest clean.

2. It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide,
'Twas opened by the soldier's spear
In my Redeemer's side.

3. Deep in my soul I feel
The living waters spring,
And joy the wondrous news to tell,
And full salvation sing.

4. My thirsty spirit craves
No lesser joy than this:
To know that Jesus fully saves,
And I am fully His.

70 For Ever With the Lord, 68.
D. S. M. c. Ab—Bb.

1. From every stain made clean,
From every sin set free;
O blessed Lord, this is the gift
That Thou hast promised me,
And pressing through the past
Of failure, fault and fear,
Before Thy Cross my soul I cast,
And dare to leave it there.

2. From Thee I would not hide
My sin, because of fear [pride,
What men may think; I hate my
And as I am appear—
Just as I am, O Lord,
Not what I'm thought to be;
Just as I am, a struggling soul,
For life and liberty.

3. Upon the altar here
I lay my treasure down;
I only want to have Thee near,
King of my heart to crown.
The fire doth surely burn
My every selfish claim;
And while from them to Thee I turn,
I trust in Thy great name. 19

71 Are You Washed? 207
Ab—C.

1. Have you been to Jesus,
For the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the Blood of the
Are you fully trusting [Lamb?
In His grace this hour? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the Blood of the

CHORUS.

Are you washed in the Blood?
In the soul-cleansing Blood of the
Lamb?

Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the Blood of the
Lamb?

2. Are you walking daily
By the Saviour's side? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the Blood of the
Do you rest each moment
In the Crucified? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the Blood of the

3. When the Bridegroom cometh,
Will your robes be white—
Pure and white in the Blood of the
Lamb?
Will your soul be ready
For the mansion bright, [Lamb?
Are you washed in the Blood of the

72 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice, 69.
Silchester, 75.
S. M. c. Eb—G.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious Blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in Thy Blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

2. Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse
Till spotless all and pure.

3. Still Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace and trust,
For earth and Heaven above.

4. And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

73 *Let Me Love Thee.* B. J. 151.
8's & 7's u. G---F

1. Let me love Thee, Thou art claiming
Every feeling of my soul; [ing
Let that love, in power prevailing,
Render Thee my life, my all.
For life's burdens they are easy,
And life's sorrows lose their sting,
If they're carried, Lord, to please
Thee,
If their pain Thy smile but win.

CHORUS.

Let me love Thee, Saviour,
Take my heart forever;
Nothing but Thy favor
My soul can satisfy.

2. Let me love Thee, come revealing
All Thy power has done for me;
Help my heart, so unbelieving,
By the sight of Calvary.
Let me see Thy love despising
All the shame my sin has brought;
By Thy torments realizing
What a price my pardon bought.

3. Let me love Thee, I am gladdest
When I'm loving Thee the best;
For in sunshine or in sadness
I can find in Thee my rest.
Love will soften every sorrow,
Love will lighten every care,
Love unquestioning will follow
Love will triumph, love will dare.

9

74 *Lord Jesus, I Long,* 184
Hiding in Thee, 182.
11's y. Ab—Bb.

1. Lord Jesus, I long
To be perfectly whole,
I want Thee forever
To live in my soul.
Break down every idol,
Cast out every foe,
Now wash me, and I
Shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than
snow, [than snow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter

2. Lord Jesus, let nothing
Unholy remain,
Apply Thine own Blood,
And remove every stain;
To get this blest washing
I all things forego.
Now wash me, and I
Shall be whiter than snow.

3. Lord Jesus, come down
From Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make
A complete sacrifice;
I give up myself
And whatever I know,
Now wash me, and I
Shall be whiter than snow.

75Cleansing for Me, 219
Ab—Bb.

1. Lord, through the Blood of the
Lamb that was slain,
Cleansing for me; [I claim,
From all the guilt of my sins now
Cleansing from Thee.
Sinful and black though the past may
have been, [seen,
Many the crushing defeats I have
Yet on Thy promise, O Lord, now I
Cleansing for me. [lean.

2. From all the sins over which I
Cleansing for me; [have wept,
Far, far away by the Blood-current
Cleansing for me. [swept,
Jesus, Thy promise I dare to believe,
And as I come Thou wilt surely
receive, [grieve,
That over sin I may never more
Cleansing for me.

3. From all the doubts that have
filled me with gloom,
Cleansing for me;
From all the fears that would point
me to doom,
Cleansing for me. [stand,
Jesus, although I may not under-
In childlike faith now I stretch forth
my hand,
And through Thy word and Thy grace
I shall stand
Cleansed by Thee.

4. From all the care of what men
think or say,
Cleansing for me;
From ever fearing to speak, sing or
Cleansing for me. [pray,
Lord, in Thy love and Thy power
make me strong, [belong;
That all may know that to Thee I
When I am tempted let this be my
Cleansing for me. [song,

15

Rivers of milk and honey rise.
And all the fruits of paradise,
In endless plenty grow.

3. A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteous-
ness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

4. Now, O my Jesus, bring me in!
Cast out Thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove;
The purchase of Thy death divide!
Give me, with all the sanctified,
The heritage of love!

76 Take Salvation, 170.
Helmsley, 167.
8.7.4. t. A—C.

1. Love divine, from Jesus flowing,
Living waters, rich and free,
Wondrous love, without a limit,
Flowing from eternity;
Boundless ocean,
I would cast myself on Thee!

2. Love surpassing understanding,
Angels would the mystery scan,
Yet so tender that it reaches
To the lowest child of man,
Let me, Jesus,
Fuller know redemption's plan.

3. Love that pardons past transgres-
sion,
Love that cleanses every stain,
Love that fills to overflowing,
Yet invites to drink again,
Precious Fountain!
Which to open Christ was slain.

84

78 At Thy Feet I Fall, 210.
F—G.

1. O Lamb of God,
Thou wonderful Sin-bearer,
Hard after Thee
My soul doth follow on;
As pants the hart
For streams in desert dreary,
So pants my soul for Thee,
O Thou life-giving One.

CHORUS.

At Thy feet I fall,
Yield Thee up my all,
To suffer, live or die,
For my Lord crucified.

2. I mourn, I mourn,
The sin that drove Thee from me,
And blackest darkness
Brought into my soul;
Now I renounce
The cursed thing that hindered,
And come once more to Thee
To be made fully whole.

3. Come, Holy Ghost,
Thy mighty aid bestowing,
Destroy the works
Of sin, the self, the pride;
Burn, burn in me,
My idols overthrowing;
Prepare my heart for Him—
For my Lord crucified.

77 Come, Comrades Dear, 136.
He Lives, 138.

8's & 6's r. A—C.

1. Oh, glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments
feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2. Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below;

50

79

Almighty to Save, 109.

Yes, Oh, Yes, 115.

8's k. C—Eb.

1. Oh, when shall my soul find her rest, [o'er.
My strugglings and wrestlings be
My heart by my Saviour possessed,
Be fearing and sinning no more?

2. Now search me and try me, O Lord!
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry!
See! helpless I cling to Thy word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

3. My idols I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee, who gave;
This moment the work is complete,
For Thou art almighty to save!

4. O Saviour, I dare to believe,
Thy Blood for my cleansing I see;
And, asking in faith, I receive
Salvation, full, present and free.

80

Grace There Is, 234.

G—Bb.

1. Saviour, hear me while before Thy feet
I the record of my sins repeat;
Stained with guilt, myself abhorring,
Filled with grief, my soul outpouring: [of me,
Canst Thou still in mercy think
Stoop to set my shackled spirit free,
Raise my sinking heart and bid me be
Thy child once more?

CHORUS.

Grace there is my every debt to pay,
Blood to wash my every sin away,
Power to keep me spotless day by day,
For me, for me! [day,

2. All the memories of deeds gone by
Rise within me, and Thy power defy;
With a deathly chill ensnaring,
They would leave my soul despairing.
Saviour, take my hand, I cannot tell
How to stem the tides that round me swell, [quell
How to ease my conscience, or to
My flaming heart.

3. All the rivers of Thy grace I claim,
Over every promise write my name;
As I am I come believing,
As Thou art Thou dost receiving.
Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave; [grave,
Master o'er my sin, the world, the Charging me to preach Thy power to
To sin-bound souls. [save.

6

81

Thou Shepherd of Israel, 111.
Realms of the Blest, 110.

8's. k. G—Bb.

1. Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine;
I long to reside where Thou art.

CHORUS.

Oh, speak while before Thee I pray,
And O Lord, just what seemest
Thee good
Reveal and my heart shall obey.

2. The pasture I languish to find
Where all who their Shepherd obey
Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

3. Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of Thy people's abode,
Where saints in true happiness gaze
And hang on a crucified God.

4. Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

5. 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest, [flock,
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast.

6. 'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart.
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally held in Thy heart.

82 Whiter Than the Snow, 292.
D—G.

1. Tell me what to do to be pure,
In the sight of the All-seeing Eyes,
Tell me, is there no thorough cure,
No escape from the sins I despise?
Tell me, can I never be free
From this terrible bondage within?
Is there no deliverance for me,
Must I always have sin dwell
within?

CHORUS.

Whiter than the snow?
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than the snow.

2. Will my Saviour only pass by—
Only show me how faulty I've
been?
Will He not attend to my cry?
Can I not at this moment be clean?
Blessed Lord, almighty to heal,
I know that Thy power cannot fail,
Here and now I know—yes, I feel,
The prayer of my heart does pre-
vail.

83 Tucker, 125.
Christ For Me, 124.
8's & 3's n. F—G.

1. Thou Christ of burning, cleansing
flame.
Send the fire! [claim,
Thy blood-bought gift to-day we
Send the fire!
Look down and see this waiting host,
Send us the promised Holy Ghost,
We want another Pentecost,
Send the fire!

2. God of Elijah, hear our cry,
Send the fire!
He'll make us fit to live or die,
Send the fire!
To burn up every trace of sin,
To bring the light and glory in,
The revolution now begin,
Send the fire!

3. 'Tis fire we want, for fire we plead,
Send the fire!
The fire will meet our every need,
Send the fire!

For strength to ever do the right,
For grace to conquer in the fight,
For power to walk the world in
Send the fire! [white,

4. To make our weak hearts strong
Send the fire! [and brave,
To live a dying world to save,
Send the fire!
Oh, see us on Thy altar lay
Our lives, our all, this very day—
To crown the offering now we pray,
Send the fire!

84 Jesus is Strong to Deliver, 245. Bb—C.

1. Why are you doubting and fearing?
Why are you still under sin?
Have you not found that His grace
doth abound?
He's mighty to save; let Him in.

CHORUS.

Jesus is strong to deliver,
Mighty to save! Mighty to save!
Jesus is strong to deliver,
Jesus is mighty to save!

2. When in my sorrow He found me,
Found me and bade me be whole,
Turned all my night into heavenly
light,
And from me my burden did roll.

3. When in the tempest He hides me,
When in the storm He is near;
All the way 'long He carries me on,
And now I have nothing to fear.

75

85 O Happy Day, 11.
Oh, Wash Me Now, 12.
L. M. a. G—Bb.

1. With panting heart that dares to
seek
The fullness of Thy love divine,
I lay me at Thy bleeding feet,
And claim Thy promises as mine.

CHORUS.

I believe, I believe,
The priceless gift I now receive !
The Blood doth cleanse and make
me whole ;
Thy perfect love fills all my soul ;
I believe, I believe,
The priceless gift I now receive !

2. My groans and tears no change
have wrought,
They fail my nature to refine ;
The power and love Thy groans have
brought [mine.
By simple faith henceforth are

3. Oh, let my heart forever be
The home in which Thou lovest to
dwell ! [Thee ;
Renewed and filled with love to
Endued with power that love to
tell.

CONSECRATION AND FAITH.

86 Ye Banks and Braes, 121.
Madrid, 117.

6-8's m. A—Bb.

1. All things are possible to him
That can in Jesus' name believe ;
Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive ;
I can, I do believe in Thee,
All things are possible to me.

2. The most impossible of all
Is that I e'er from sin should cease ;
Yet shall it be ? I know it shall ;
Jesus, look to Thy faithfulness !
If nothing is too hard for Thee,
All things are possible to me.

3. All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in
man ;
To me, when I am all renewed,
When I in Christ am formed again,
And witness from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

87

A Charge to Keep, 66.

Silchester, 75.

S. M. c. Bb—C.

1. A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill ;
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will !

3. Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live ;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give !

4. Help me to watch and pray
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

98

88

Draw Me Nearer, 225.

Sweet Heaven, 274.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard
Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me ;
But I long to rise in the arms of
faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee !

CHORUS.

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer,
blessed Lord, [died !
To the Cross where Thou hast
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer,
blessed Lord,
To Thy precious bleeding side !

2. Consecrate me now to Thy service,
Lord,
By the power of grace divine ;
Let my soul be washed from its
every stain,
And my will be lost in Thine.

3. Oh, the pure delight of a single
hour
That before Thy Throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with
Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend !

89 Blessed Lord, 163.
 Guide Me, Great Jehovah, 163.
 8.7.4. t. Ab—Bb.
 1. Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge,
 Safety for my trembling soul.
 Power to lift my head when drooping
 'Midst the angry billows' roll,
 I will trust Thee,
 All my life Thou shalt control.
 2. In the past too unbelieving
 'Midst the tempest I have been,
 And my heart has slowly trusted
 What my eyes have never seen.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Teach me on Thy arm to lean.
 3. Oh, for trust that brings the tri-
 umph
 When defeat seems strangely near!
 Oh, for faith that changes fighting
 Into victory's ringing cheer—
 Faith triumphant,
 Knowing not defeat or fear!

90 Ye Banks and Braes, 121.
 Madrid, 117.
 6-8's m. A—Bb.
 1. Give me the faith that Jesus had,
 The faith that can great mountains
 move,
 That makes the mournful spirit glad,
 The saving faith that works by
 love;
 The faith for which the saints have
 striven. [Heaven.
 The faith that pulls the fire from
 2. Give me the faith that gets the
 power,
 That stubborn devils cannot turn,
 That lion-teeth cannot devour,
 That furnace-fires can never burn,
 That never fears the tyrant's frown,
 That wins and wears the martyr's
 crown.
 3. Give me the faith that lives to trust,
 That in the childlike spirit dwells,
 That buries self and slughters lust,
 That keeps out all that Christ ex-
 pels,
 That gives no quarter to the foe,
 That sternly says, "You have to go!"

91 Anything for Jesus, 206.
 F—G.
 1. Jesus, precious Saviour,
 Thou hast saved my soul,
 From sin's foul corruption
 Made me fully whole;
 Every hour I'll serve Thee,
 Whate'er may befall,
 Till in Heaven I crown Thee
 King and Lord of all.
 CHORUS.
 All my heart I give Thee,
 Day by day, come what may,
 All my life I give Thee,
 Dying men to save.
 2. In the toils and conflicts
 Faithful I will be,
 All things I will gladly bear,
 They'll be good for me;
 To be a Saviour of mankind,
 Slaves of sin to bring,
 Give me holy courage,
 Mighty, mighty King.
 3. Precious souls are dying,
 Nerve me for the fight,
 Help me spread the glorious news—
 Liberty and light;
 Fiercer gets the contest,
 Satan's power shall fall,
 Then on earth I'll crown Thee
 Glorious Lord of all.

92 I Will Follow Thee, 144.
 Loved Ones Gone Before, 146.
 8's & 7's s. Eb—G.
 1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee;
 Though I be despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be.
 CHORUS.
 I will follow Thee, my Saviour,
 Thou hast shed Thy Blood for me;
 And tho' all the world forsake Thee,
 By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.
 2. Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought or hoped or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition!
 God and Heaven are still my own.

3. Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not like them, untrue.

4. And while Thou shalt smile upon
me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends may shun
me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

54

93 Glory! Jesus Saves Me, 143.
Land Beyond the Blue, 145.
8's & 7's s. G—Bb.

1. Precious Jesus, oh, to love Thee,
Oh, to know that Thou art mine!
Jesus, all my heart I give Thee,
If Thou wilt but make it Thine.

CHORUS.

Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
Thou art all in all to me;
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
Thou art all in all to me.

2. Take my warmest, best affection,
Take my memory, mind, and will;
Then with all Thy loving Spirit,
All my emptied nature fill.

3. Oh, how precious, dear Redeemer,
Is the love that fills my soul!
It is done, the word is spoken,
"Be Thou every whit made whole."

HOLINESS ENJOYED.

94 Glory to His Name! 230.
Ab—C.

1. Down at the Cross where my Saviour died, [sin I cried;
Down where for cleansing from There to my heart was the Blood applied—
Glory to His name! [plied.

CHORUS.

Glory to His name! Glory to His name!
Now to my heart is the Blood applied,
Glory to His name!

2. I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus does always abide within, [in,
There at the Cross where He took me
Glory to His name!

3. Oh, precious Fountain, that saves
from sin!
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me, and keeps me
Glory to His name! [clean,

4. Come to this Fountain, so rich and
sweet, [feet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's
Plunge in to-day and be made com-
Glory to His name! [plete,

95 Take Salvation, 170.
Helmsley, 167.

8.7.4. t. G—Bb.

1. Full salvation! Full salvation!
Lo! the Fountain, opened wide,
Streams through every land and na-
tion
From the Saviour's wounded side.
Full salvation!
Streams an endless crimson tide.

2. Love's resistless current sweeping
All the regions deep within;
Thought, and wish, and senses keep-
Now and every instant clean! [ing,
Full salvation!
From the guilt and power of sin.

3. Life immortal, Heaven descending,
Lo! my heart the Spirit's shrine!
God and man in oneness blending—
Oh, what fellowship is mine!
Full salvation!
Raised in Christ to life divine!

96 Oh, the Voice! 56.
Now I Can Read, 54.
C. M. b. Eb—G.

1. It is the Blood that washes white,
That makes me pure within,
That keeps the inward witness right,
That cleanses from all sin.

CHORUS.

Oh, the Blood to me so dear !
Saving now from guilt and fear,
Cleansing now my heart within,
Making free from self and sin.

2. It is the Blood that sweeps away
The power of Satan's rod,
That shows the new and living way
That leads to Heaven and God.

3. It is the Blood that brings us nigh
To holiness and Heaven,
The source of victory and joy—
God's life for rebels given.

97 We Shall Win, 113.
 Welcome to Glory, 114

1. Let us sing of His love once again—
Of the love that can never decay,
Of the Blood of the Lamb that was
slain, [day.
Till we praise Him again in that

CHORUS.

I believe Jesus saves,
And His Blood makes me whiter than
snow.

2. There is cleansing and healing for
all [blood;
Who will wash in the life-giving
There is perfect deliverance and joy
To be had in this world through
the Blood.

3. Then we'll march in His name till
we come [fight;
At His bidding to cease from the
And our Saviour shall welcome us
home
To the mansions of glory and light.

4. So with banners unfurled to the
breeze,
Our motto shall "Holiness" be,
Till the crown from His hand we
shall seize,
And the King in His glory we see.

98 Glory, Jesus Saves Me ! 143.
 Always Cheerful, 140.
 8's & 7's s. G—Bb.

1. Precious Saviour, Thou dost save
me;
Thine, and only Thine, I am;
Oh, the cleansing Blood has reached
me;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me !
Glory, glory to the Lamb !
Oh, the cleansing Blood has reached
me !
Glory, glory to the Lamb !

2. Long my yearning heart was striv-
To obtain this precious rest; [ing
But, when all my struggles ended,
Simply trusting, I was blest.

3. Consecrated to Thy service,
I will live and die for Thee;
I will witness to Thy glory,
Of salvation full and free.

4. Yes, I will stand up for Jesus;
He has sweetly saved my soul,
Cleansed my soul from sin's corrup-
tion,
Sanctified, and made me whole.

99 I'm Believing, 82.
 What a Friend ! 161.

7's e. Ab—Bb.

1. Sins of years are washed away,
Blackest stains become as snow,
Darkest night is changed to-day,
When you to the river go.

CHORUS.

I'm believing and receiving,
While I to the river go;
And my heart its waves are cleansing
Whiter than the driven snow.

2. Doubts and fears are borne away
On the current's ceaseless flow;
Sorrow changes into song
When you to the river go.

3. Selfishness is lost in love—
Love for Him whose love you
know;
All your treasure is above,
When you to the river go.

4. Fighting is a great delight,
Never will you fear the foe,
Armed by King Jehovah's might,
When you to the river go. 24

WAR AND VICTORY.

100 Poor Old Joe, 179.
Eb—F.

1. All round the world
The Army chariot rolls,
All round the world
The Lord is saving souls;
All round the world
Our soldiers will be brave,
Around our colors we will rally—
Wave, soldiers, wave!

CHORUS.

Keep waving, keep every flag unfurled,
We soon shall have our colors waving all round the world.

2. All round the world
With music and with song,
All round the world
We'll boldly march along;
All round the world
To free each sin-bound slave,
We'll wave our Army flags for
Jesus—
Wave, soldiers, wave!

3. All round the world
The Saviour's Blood shall flow,
All round the world
We will to battle go;
All round the world
The universe to save,
With blood and fire, with faith and
Wave, soldiers, wave! [feeling—

101 Ring the Bell, Watchman, 269. D—Eb.

1. Come, join our Army,
To battle we go,
Jesus will help us
To conquer the foe;
Defending the right,
And opposing the wrong,
The Salvation Army
Is marching along.

CHORUS.

Marching along,
We are marching along;
The Salvation Army
Is marching along.
Soldiers of Jesus,
Be valiant and strong!
The Salvation Army
Is marching along.

2. Come, join our Army,
The foe we defy;
True to our colors,
We'll fight till we die;
"Saved from all sin,"
Is our war-cry and song;
The Salvation Army
Is marching along.

3. Come, join our Army,
And do not delay,
The time for enlisting
Is passing away;
The battle is raging,
But victory will come,
The Salvation Army
Is marching along.

102 God Is Keeping, 233.
G—Bb.

1. God is keeping His soldiers fighting,
Evermore we shall conquerors be;
All the hosts of Hell are uniting,
But we are sure to have victory.
Though to beat us they've been try-
Our colors still are flying, [ing,
And our flag shall wave forever,
For we never will give in.

CHORUS.

No, we never, never, never will give in, no, we won't,
For we mean to have the victory forever.

2. We will follow our conquering Saviour;
[shall fly;

From before Him Hell's legions
Our battalions shall never waver
They're determined to conquer or
From holiness and Heaven [die,
We never will be driven;
We will stand our ground forever,
For we never will give in.

3. With salvation for every nation,
To the ends of the earth we will
go,
With a free and full salvation.
All the power of the Cross we'll
show.

We'll tear Hell's throne to pieces,
And win the world for Jesus;
We'll be conquerors forever,
For we never will give in.

103 Gird On the Armor, 228.

Ab—Bb.

1. I have read of men of faith,
Who have bravely fought till death,
Who now the crown of life are
wearing;
Then the thought comes back to me,
Can I not a soldier be, [daring?
Like to those martyrs bold and

CHORUS.

I'll gird on my armor, and rush to
the field, [yield
Determined to conquer and never to
So the enemy shall know,
Wheresoever I may go,
That I am fighting for Jehovah.

2. I, like them, will take my stand
With the sword of God in hand,
Smiling amid opposing legions;
I the victor's crown will gain,
And at last go home to reign
In Heaven's bright and sunny
regions.

3. I will join at once the fight,
Leaning on my Saviour's might,
Who's strong and mighty to de-
liver;
From my post I will not shrink,
Though of death's cup I should drink;
Hell to defeat is my endeavor. 55

Take Salvation, 170.
Austria, 162.

8.7.4. t. G—Bb.

1. O Thou God of every nation,
We now for Thy blessing call;
Fit us for full consecration,
Let the fire from Heaven fall;
Bless our Army!
With Thy power baptize us all!

2. Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit,
Make our soldiers white as snow,
Save the world through Jesus' merit,
Satan's kingdom overthrow!
Bless our Army!
Send us where we ought to go!

3. Give us all more holy living,
Fill us with abundant power;
Give The Army more thanksgiving,
Greater victories every hour;
Bless our Army!

Be our Rock, our Shield, our Tower.

4. Bless our General; bless our lead-
Bless our officers as well! [ers,
Bless Headquarters—bless our sol-
diers;
Bless the foes of sin and Hell!
Bless our Army!
We will all Thy goodness tell.

42

105

Right Away, B. J. 36.

D—Eb.

1. Oh, every land is filled with sin,
But The Salvation Army is bound
to win, [right away,
Right away, right away, right away,

CHORUS.

We mean to fight for Jesus;
We will! we will!
In every land we'll take our stand
And live and die for Jesus,
We will! we will!
We'll live and die for Jesus!

2. So North and South, and East and
West, [we'll test.
The courage of the devil's host

3. We'll care for nothing but saving
souls, [by shoals.
And by God's help we'll have them

4. We'll march with song, and band,
and flag, [drag.
And godless crowds to the Cross we'll

33

106 Storm the Forts, 273.
A--Bb.

1. Soldiers of our God, arise!
The day is drawing nearer:
Shake the slumber from your eyes,
The light is growing clearer.
Sit no longer idly by
While the heedless millions die,
Lift the blood-stained banner high
And take the field for Jesus.

CHORUS.

Storm the forts of darkness, [Repeat.
Bring them down, bring them down.
Pull down the devil's kingdom
Where'er he holds dominion,
Storm the forts of darkness, bring
them down.
Glory, honor to the Lamb,
Praise and power to the Lamb;
Glory, honor, praise and power,
Be forever to the Lamb!

2. See the brazen hosts of Hell,
Art and power employing;
More than human tongue can tell,
Blood-bought souls destroying.
Hark! from ruin's ghastly road,
Victims groan beneath their load;
Forward, O ye sons of God,
And dare or die for Jesus!

3. Warriors of the bleeding Lamb,
Army of Salvation,
Spread the fame of Gilead's balm,
Conquer every nation.
Raise the glorious standard higher,
Strike for victory—never tire;
Forward march with blood and fire,
And win the world for Jesus!

107 My Soul is Now United, 101.
I'd Choose to be a Soldier, 98.
7's & 6's i. A—Bb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the Cross!
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;

From victory unto victory
His Army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

CHORUS.

I'm glad I am a soldier,
And battling on for God;
Each day by grace made bolder,
To conquer through the Blood.

2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
With loyal hearts now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

108 Fighting On. B. J. 382.
E—F.

1. To the war! to the war!
Loud and long sounds the cry;
To the war! every soldier
Who fears not to die;
See the millions who're drifting
To Hell's endless woe,
Oh, who in the name
Of Jehovah will go?

CHORUS.

Fighting on, fighting on, fighting on,
fighting on,
With the blood and fire we will
never tire,
We'll fight until the Master calls.

2. To the war! to the war!
Who'll the war cry obey?
'Tis the great God who calls you
To fight while 'tis day;
Though the battle be fierce,
And though mighty the foe,
The Salvation Army
To victory must go.

3. To the war! to the war
Every man to his post;
Go care for the dying,
Go, seek for the lost;
Hark! converts are singing,
Their bright faces glow,
As they joyfully shout:
"To the war we will go!"

109 The Dear Old Flag, 301.
C—Eb.

1. They bid me choose an easier path,
And seek a lighter cross;
They bid me mingle with Heaven's
A little of earth's dross; [gold
They bid me, but in vain, once more
The world's illusions try;
I cannot leave the dear old flag—
'Twere better far to die!

2. They say the fighting is too hard,
That health will surely fail,
That dreadful is a pauper's lot—
They'd have such fears prevail.
But, oh, how can I quit my post,
While millions sin-bound lie?
I cannot leave the dear old flag—
'Twere better far to die!

3. I answer, life is fleeting fast,
I cannot, cannot wait! [stand
For me my comrades beckoning
Beyond the pearly gate!
I hear their "Hallelujahs" grand!
I hear their battle-cry!
Oh, do not leave the dear old flag—
'Twere better far to die!

43

110 We Shall Win, 113.
Welcome to Glory, 114.
9's v. G—Bb.

1. We're a band that shall conquer
the foe, [King;
If we fight in the strength of the
With the sword of the Spirit we
know
We sinners to Jesus shall bring.

CHORUS.

I believe we shall win, [King.
If we fight in the strength of the

2. We have conquered in times that
are past,
And scattered the foe from the field;
So we'll fight for the King till the
last, [wield.
And the sword of the Spirit we'll
3. Our foe may be mighty and brave,
And the fighting be hard and se-
vere;
But the King is the Mighty to Save,
And in conflict He always is near.

111 Victory for Me, 284.
G—Bb.

1. To the front! the cry is ringing,
To the front! your place is there;
In the conflict men are wanted,
Men of hope, and faith, and prayer;
Selfish ends shall claim no right
From the battle's post to take us,
Fear shall vanish in the fight,
For triumphant God will make us.

CHORUS.

No retreating, Hell defeating,
Shoulder to shoulder we stand;
God, look down, with glory crown
Our conquering band.
Victory for me, [Saviour,
Through the Blood of Christ, my
Victory for me,
Through the precious Blood.

2. To the front! the fight is raging,
Christ's own banner leads the way,
Every power and thought engaging,
Might divine shall be our stay;
We have heard the cry for help
From the dying millions round us,
We've received the royal command
From our dying Lord who found
us.

3. To the front! no more delaying,
Wounded spirits need thy care;
To the front! thy Lord obeying,
Stoop to help the dying there.
Broken hearts and blighted hopes,
Slaves of sin and degradation,
Wait for thee, in love to bring
Holy peace and liberation.

SOLDIERS REJOICING.

112 Come, Shout and Sing, 221.
F—G.

1. Come, shout and sing, make
Heaven ring
With praises to our King,
Who bled and died, was crucified,
That He might pardon bring;
His Blood doth save the soul,
Doth cleanse and make it whole,
The Blood of Jesus cleanses white as
snow.

CHORUS.

Oh, the Blood of Jesus cleanses white
as snow, yes, I know!
I bless the happy day
When He washed my sins away;
The Blood of Jesus cleanses white as
snow.

2. Come, join our band, and make a
stand
To drive sin from our land;
"To do or die" our battle-cry
We fight at God's command.
With banner wide unfurled,
We tell to all the world,
The Blood of Jesus cleanses white as
snow.

3. At trumpet's sound we stand our
ground,
And tell to those around,
Who have been long, with shackles
By sin and Satan bound, [strong,
Salvation God has sent
For all who will repent—
The Blood of Jesus cleanses white as
snow.

49

113 *Marching On, B. J. 5.*
D—Eb.

1. Marching on in the light of God,
Marching on, I am marching on;
Up the path that the Master trod,
Marching, marching on.

CHORUS.

A robe of white, a crown of gold,
A harp, a home, a mansion fair,
A victor's palm, a joy untold,
Are mine when I get there.

For Jesus is my Saviour, He washed
my sins away,

Paid my debt on Calvary's moun-
tain, [the day,
Happy in His dying love, singing all
I'm living, yes, I'm living in the
Fountain.

2. Marching on through the hosts of
sin, [within.
Victory's mine while I've Christ
3. Marching on while the worldlings
sneer,
Perfect love casteth out all fear.
4. Marching on to the realms above,
There to sing of redeeming love.

114 *Marching Through Georgia,*
250. G—Bb.

1. Shout aloud salvation, and
We'll have another song,
Sing it with a spirit
That will start the world along!
Sing it as our comrades sang it
Many a thousand strong.
As they were marching to Glory.

CHORUS.

March on, march on,
We bring the jubilee,
Fight on, fight on!
Salvation makes us free;
We'll shout our Saviour's praises
Over every land and sea,
As we go marching to Glory.

2. How the anxious shout it
When they hear the joyful sound!
How the weakest conquer
When the Saviour they have found!
How our grand battalions
With conquering power abound,
As we go marching to Glory.
3. Yes, and there are Christian men
Who weep with joyful tears
When our Saviour's honored
As He has not been for years;
And a full salvation drives away
Their doubts and fears,
As we go marching to Glory.

115Marching to Zion, 70.
S. M. c. G—Bb.

1. To leave the world below.
March upward with our band,
And step by step we mean to go
To Zion's happy land.

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
Marching The Army to Zion,
That beautiful city of God.

2. The city we shall see,
The heavenly music hear;
Marching to songs of victory
With all The Army there.

3. The pearly gates are wide,
The streets are bright and fair;
We'll march together side by side
Till safely landed there.

116Happy Song, 235.
A—Bb.

1. We are marching on
With shield and banner bright,
We will work for God
And battle for the right,
We will praise His name,
Rejoicing in His might,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.

CHORUS.

Then awake, then awake,
Happy song, happy song,
Shout for joy, shout for joy,
As we gladly march along.
We are marching onward,
Singing as we go,
To the promised land
Where living waters flow;
Come and join our ranks
As soldiers here below;
Come and work till Jesus calls.

2. In the open air
Our Army we prepare,
As we rally round
Our blessed standard there;
And the Saviour's Cross
We will gladly learn to bear,
While we work till Jesus calls.

3. We are marching on,
Our Captain, ever near,
Will protect us still,
His guiding voice we hear;
Let the foe advance,
We will never, never fear,
But we'll work till Jesus calls.

117

Will You Quit the Field? 297.

G—Bb.

1. Will you quit the field?
Will you ever yield?
Never, never, never!
Will you boldly fight,
And defend the right?
Yes, for ever!

CHORUS.

Never quit the field till the foe is
slain, [yield;
Never quit the field, oh, never, never
Never quit the field till we victory
Never, never, never! [gain,

2. When the foe is near,
Will you have a fear?
Will you take your stand
With faith's sword in hand?

3. Will you cease to sing
Praises to our King?
Bravely every day
Will you march away?

66

118

Go On. B. J. 200.

Ab—Bb.

1. When darkest storms your path
Go on! go on! [surround,
When foes on every side abound,
Go on! go on!
Armed with the power of Jesus'
You'll conquer in the fight. [might

CHORUS.

My many, many sins He pardoned
me, [free;
From doubts and fears He keeps me
From victory to victory I by His
grace go on,

2. When gloomy clouds hang o'er your
 Go on! go on! [sky,
Stay not to ask the reason why,
 Go on! go on! [raise,
Oft questionings wild tempests
There's peace when one obeys.

3. Though comrades turn and leave
 Go on! go on! [their post,
They may be those we've trusted
 Go on! go on! [most,
To God's enduring ones are given
The choicest gifts of Heaven.

4. Should sorrow's waves sweep o'er
 your heart,
 Go on! go on!
Though tears of sadness oft may start,
 Go on! go on!
The Christ who wipes all tears away
Will be your Staff and Stay. **28**

HEAVEN.

119 Life's Morn, 172.
8's & 7's u. A—Bb.

1. I have given up all for Jesus,
 This vain world is nought to me,
All its pleasures are forgotten
 In remembering Calvary. [me.
Though my friends despise, forsake
 And on me the world looks cold,
I've a Friend that will stand by me
 When the pearly gates unfold.

CHORUS.

Life's morn will soon be waning,
 And the evening bells will toll;
But my heart shall know no sadness
 When the pearly gates unfold.

2. When the voice of Jesus calls me,
 And the angels whisper low,
I will lean upon my Saviour,
 Through the valley as I go;
I will claim His precious promise,
 Worth to me the world of gold,
"Fear no evil, I'll be with thee
 When the pearly gates unfold.

3. Just beyond the waves of Jordan,
 Just beyond its chilly tide,
Blooms the tree of life immortal,
 And the living waters glide.
In that happy land of spirits
 Flowers bloom on hills of gold,
And the angels are awaiting
 Where the pearly gates unfold.

71

120 *It's True There's a Beautiful City.* F. S. 18.
G—Bb.

1. It's true there's a beautiful city,
 That its streets are paved with
 gold;
No earthly tongue can describe it—
 Its glories can never be told.
I know, I know, I know I shall be
 there!

2. Your loved ones dwell in that city,
 Whom you placed beneath the sod,
When your heart felt nigh to break-
 ing, [God.
And you promised you'd serve your
Will you, will you—say, will you
 meet them there?

3. There none but the pure and the
 Can ever enter in; [holy
You have no hope of its glory
 If still you're the servant of sin.
Bless God, bless God; bless God, you
 may be there!

4. Yes, you can go there, my brother,
 For Jesus has died on the tree;
And that same precious Blood is now
 flowing
 That saved a poor sinner like me.
Will you, will you—say, will you
 meet me there? **37**

121 *Up in the Golden City.*
B. J. 182.
G—Bb.

1. I've a home fair and bright in
 yonder city,
To its gates I am marching along;
When my fighting for Jesus here is
 over, [the throng
 I shall then take my place with

That face to face beholds the Saviour,
In whose praise is raised its song.

CHORUS.

Up in the golden city,
A mansion to me will be given;
I am richer by far than a queen or a czar,
I'm an heir to the wealth of [Heaven.]

2. It is true, on the way to yonder city, [flood,
I've to cross o'er a cold, rolling
But I trust Him to guide me by whose pity [blood.
I've been led to the sin-cleansing
As He said He'll never leave me,
I will trust my Friend, my God.

3. Do you know there's no place in yonder city [guilt?
For a soul that is burdened with
Do you know that no sin can ever enter? [was spilt
Hasten, then, to the Blood that
To cleanse from sin, and with me
journey
To the city that God has built.

81

122 WORDS AND MUSIC BY COMMANDER MISS BOOTH.

1. I'm going to Heaven—oh, glory!
Its gates are opened wide,
Those dear ones gone before me,
They call me to their side;
I'm going to Heaven—oh, glory!
I'll strike those harps of gold,
And when my crown they give me,
My joys' can ne'er be told.

CHORUS.

I'm going to be an angel by-and-bye,
Yes, by-and-bye, beyond the sky,
I'm going to see my Saviour by-and-
And wave the victor's palm. [bye

2. I'm going to Heaven—oh, glory!
No surges dash those shores,
No feet made sore or weary
Tread on those golden floors.

I'm going to Heaven—oh, glory!
No sorrow there is known;
The meaning of grief's mystery
Is told by Him alone.

3. I'm going to Heaven—oh, glory!
There conflicts crowned will be,
And seeming failures dreary
Will find their victory.

I'm going to Heaven—oh, glory!
To sing the conquering grace,
With thousands of The Army
I'll see Him face to face.

4. I'm going to Heaven—oh, glory!
To see the martyr throng,
Whose ever-living memory
Has helped ten thousand on.
I'm going to Heaven—oh, glory!
My soul is filled with prayer
For strength to get made ready,
A crowd to meet me there.

30

123 Nearer My Home, 71.

S. M. c. C—Eb.

1. One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,
Than ever I've been before.

CHORUS.

Nearer my home, nearer my home,
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than ever I've been before.

2. Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3. Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer leaving the cross to-day,
Nearer gaining the crown.

4. Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Nearer now than I think.

124 *Away Over Jordan*, 133.
F—Bb.

1. Oh, we are going to wear a crown
To wear a starry crown!

CHORUS.

Away over Jordan, with my blessed
Jesus; [crown.
Away over Jordan, to wear a starry

2. You must be saved to wear that crown.
3. You must be cleansed to wear that crown.
4. You must live right to wear that crown.

125 *Better World*, 123.
Tucker, 125.

8's and 3's n. Eb—F.

1. There is a better world, they say,
Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh, so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are
there, [fair,
And harps of gold and mansions
Oh, so bright!
2. And wicked things and beasts of
Come not there! [prey
And ruthless death and fierce decay
Come not there!
There all are holy, all are good;
But hearts unwashed in Jesus' Blood,
And guilty sinners unrenewed,
Come not there!
3. And tho' we're sinners every one,
Jesus died! [gone,
And though our crown of peace is
Jesus died! [stain,
We may be cleansed from every
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of glory reign,
Jesus died!

126 *Sweeping Through the Gates*,
B. J. 27.

Eb—F.

1. Who, who are these beside the
chilly wave, [grave,
Just on the borders of the silent
Shouting Jesus' power to save,
"Washed in the Blood of the
Lamb"?

CHORUS.

Sweeping through the gates of the
new Jerusalem,
Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

2. These, these are they who in their
youthful days, [ways
Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's
Proved the fullness of His grace,
Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.
3. These, these are they who, in the
conflict dire, [fire;
Boldly have stood amid the hottest
Jesus now says, "Come up higher!"
Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

COMFORT AND GUIDANCE.**127** *Abide With Me*, 177.
F—G.

1. Abide with me, fast falls the even-
tide; [abide!
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me
When other helpers fail and comforts
flee, [me!
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's
little day; [away;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou who changest not, abide with
me!
3. I need Thy presence every passing
hour; [tempter's power?
What but Thy grace can foil the
Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay
can be? [with me!
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide

4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to
 bless; [bitterness;
 ills have no weight, and tears no
 Where is death's sting? Where,
 grave, thy victory? [me!
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with

5. Hold Thou Thy Cross before my
 closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom and point
 me to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks and earth's
 vain shadows flee; [me!
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with

128 Guide Me, Great Jehovah,
 165. Calcutta, 164.
 8.7.4. t. Bb—C.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land!
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
 Bread of Heaven!
 Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open Thou the crystal Fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar [flow:
 Lead me all my journey through.
 Strong Deliverer!

 Be Thou still my Strength and
 Shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death, and Hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.

 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

129 I Need Thee Every Hour, 243.
 Ab—C.

1. I need Thee every hour,
 Most gracious Lord,
 No tender voice like Thine
 Can peace afford.

CHORUS.

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee!
 Every hour I need Thee!
 Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,
 I come to Thee!

2. I need Thee every hour,
 Stay Thou near by!
 Temptations lose their power
 When Thou art nigh.

3. I need Thee every hour,
 In joy or pain;
 Come quickly and abide,
 Or life is vain.

4. I need Thee every hour;
 Teach me Thy will,
 And Thy rich promises
 In me fulfill.

130 Nearer, My God, to Thee, 257.
 G—Bb.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me.
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!

2. Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!

3. There let my way appear
 Steps up to Heaven,
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given.
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!

4. Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!

131Mighty to keep, 50.
D. C. M. b. F—Ab.

1. Sometimes I'm tried with toil and care,
Sometimes I'm weak and worn,
Sometimes it looks so dark every-
where,
Instead of the rose the thorn.
These are the times when tempted sore,
A voice in my ear doth speak—
Unsheath thy sword, there's victory
before,
Thy Saviour is mighty to keep.

CHORUS.

I have a Saviour who is mighty to
keep,
Mighty to keep evermore.

2. Never I've known a cloud so dark
Never a power so strong,
Never a wolf so fiercely to bark,
Never a night so long— [fled,
But they all vanished, and fell, and
And left me to wonder, not weep,
How I could ever have doubted at all
A Saviour so mighty to keep.

3. Jesus, I'll trust Thee more and
more,
Trust where I cannot trace,
Trust when I hear the ocean's roar,
Trust when the foe I face.
Thou wilt be more than life to me,
So broad, so high, so deep,
Changing the thunder into glee,
Able to save and to keep.

78

132Silver Threads, 157.
What a Friend We Have! 161.
8's & 7's s. Bb—C.

1. Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe,
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHORUS.

Precious name, oh, how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of Heaven.

2. Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3. Oh, the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

133

11's y. Bb—C.

1. Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is able to help you;
He will carry you through.

2. Make a full surrender,
Give your all to God;
Have a full salvation,
Take it through the Blood;
Be watchful and earnest,
Be prayerful and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.

3. To him that o'ercometh,
God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down.
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.

SELF-DENIAL.**134** How Much Can You Suffer?

240. Eb—F.

1. How much can you suffer for Jesus? [lose?
In His service how much can you At His feet will you still kneel adoring, [refuse?
And the cross which He gives you

CHORUS.

I dare, Lord, I dare, Lord,
I dare do all for Thee.

2. How much can you suffer for Jesus?
There are plenty His wonders to praise!
Dare you face the legions of hatred,
And His down-trodden banner up-raise?

3. How much will you suffer for Jesus?
For the hate of His cause is the same; [sufferings,
Would you seek to gain by His Whilst shirking a share in His shame?

135 *Not My Own.* B. B. 52.
Room for Jesus, 153.

8's & 7's s. G—Bb.

1. Not my own, but saved by Jesus,
Who redeemed me by His Blood;
Gladly I accept the message,
I belong to Christ the Lord.

CHORUS.

Not my own, oh, no!
Not my own, oh, no!
Saviour, I belong to Thee;
All I have and all I hope for,
Thine for all eternity.

SECOND CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I have given my all to God,
And I now have full salvation
Through the precious Blood.

2. Not my own, to Christ, my Saviour,
I, believing, trust my soul;
Everything to Him committed,
While eternal ages roll.

3. Not my own, my time, my talents,
Freely all to Christ I bring,
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.

HARVEST.**136** Bringing in the Sheaves, 215.
C—Eb.

1. Sowing in the morning,
Sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon-tide
And the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest,
And the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves;
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.

2. Sowing in the sunshine,
Sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds
Nor Winter's chilling breeze;
By-and-bye the harvest,
And the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.

3. Go, then, ever weeping,
Sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained
Our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over,
He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.

137 *What Shall the Harvest Be?*
S. M. I. 413. B. J. 388.
C—Eb.

1. Sowing the seed by the dawn-light fair, [glare,
Sowing the seed by the noon-day

Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHORUS.

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, [might,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah! sure will the harvest be!

2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

3. Sowing the seed with an aching heart, [start,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

EASTER.**138** Up From the Grave, 283.
C—D.

1. Low in the grave He lay—
Jesus, my Saviour!
Waiting the coming day—
Jesus, my Lord!

CHORUS.

Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;
He arose a Victor from the dark domain, [reign!
And He lives for ever in my heart to
He arose! He arose!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!

2. Vainly they watch His bed—
Jesus, my Saviour!
Vainly they seal the dead—
Jesus, my Lord!

3. Death cannot keep his prey—
Jesus, my Saviour!
He tore the bars away—
Jesus, my Lord!

WEDDINGS.**139**

Helmsley, 167.
He is Bringing, 166.

8.7.4. t. A—C.

1. Lord, we ask Thy richest blessing
On our comrades who unite;
Grant that they, still further pressing,
May be bolder in the fight,
Strong to conquer! [might.
Filled anew with Heaven-born
2. Bless the bride! Upon her shower
Grace for every time of need;
Grant her wisdom, health, and power,
May she in the fight succeed.
Bless our lasses!
Save the world at greater speed.
3. Bless the bridegroom! May he ever
Faithful prove to this Thy gift;
Use it as a mighty lever,
Which to Thee his heart shall lift,
Saving lost ones
Quickly, as they downward drift.

140 There's a Golden Day, 279.
E—F.

1. There's a golden day,
And 'tis not far away,
When the Prince of all the earth shall
no longer delay,
But shall send forth the call
To the nations all [Lamb!
For the royal marriage supper of the
Then the hosts shall raise
Loud their voices in praise,
While with "righteousness of saints"
the bride herself arrays;
And with rapturous song
They will march along [Lamb!
To the royal marriage supper of the

CHORUS.

Oh, I'm glad I'm ready! Oh, I'm
glad I'm ready! [on!
Ready with the "wedding garment"
Oh, I'm glad I'm ready! Oh, I'm
glad I'm ready! [throng!
Fighting till I join the happy

2. There's a cross you must bear,
And a robe you must wear,
If the glories of the marriage supper
you would share;
You must be quite sure
That for Him you'll endure,
Till the royal marriage supper of the
Lamb!
There must not one stain
On your garment remain
If you wish to seek the favor of the
Bridegroom to gain!
For no sin shall enter in
To the palace of the King
At the royal marriage supper of the
Lamb!

92

FUNERALS.

141 He Died at His Post, 237. A—C.

1. Away from his home
And the friends of his youth,
He hoisted the standard
Of mercy and truth;
For the love of his Lord,
And to seek for the lost,
Soon, alas! was his fall,
But he died at his post.
2. The strangers they wept
That in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly
Should sink to the tomb;
For in ardor he led
In the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier—
He died at his post.
3. Victorious his fall,
For he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master,
In Glory to dwell;
He has passed o'er the sea,
He has reached the bright coast,
For he fell like a warrior—
He died at his post.
3. And can we the words
Of our comrade forget?
Oh, no, they are fresh
In our memory yet!
An example so sacred
Can never be lost:
We will fall in the fight,
We will die at our post.

52

142 Songs of Peace and War, 65. B. J. 141. F—F.

1. Yes, to the grave,
But the crown as well,
A comrade's gone,
But in Heaven to dwell;
Sorrow's night is ended,
Jesus' cause defended—
Gone the heavenly choir to swell.

CHORUS.

Victory, victory,
Through the Blood of the Lamb that
was slain!

Victory, victory, [reign.
We shall meet in the morning to

2. Take up the sword—
It is left for you;
Fill up the place—
It is offered too!
Time is quickly flying,
God for warriors crying—
Will you not your duty do?

3. Fire a salute
For a warrior home!
Lift up the flag
For a battle won!
Satan's host retreated,
Death and Hell defeated—
Gone to hear the glad "Well
done!"

12

143 The Waters of Jordan. M. S. I. 105. F—G.

1. The waves of death's river are dark
and cold,
But Jesus Himself has passed
through; [hold—
The Saviour, in mercy thy feet will
His promise is faithful and true.

CHORUS.

Oh, the waters of Jordan may roll,
But Jesus will carry me through;
His peace is now filling my soul—
Oh, that it were given to you!

2. On this side the border a heavenly peace

Is offered to you and to me;
From doubting and sin there is sweet release,
Till crossing with Jesus to be.

3. As we're fording the river in sight of the land, [shore;
Our comrades will stand on the As our soldier-feet touch the shining strand, [more.
We shall clasp their hands once

FAREWELLS.

144 God Be With You, 231.
D—Eb.

1. God be with you, till we meet again;
By His counsels guide, uphold you;
With His sheep securely fold you—
God be with you till we meet again!

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again!

2. God be with you till we meet again!
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you—
God be with you till we meet again!

3. God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner waving o'er you,
Smile death's threatening wave before you—
God be with you till we meet again!

80

145 Shall We Gather? 155.
8's & 7's s. Eb—G.

1. Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel-feet have trod?
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2. On the margin of the river,
Dashing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.

3. Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver.
And provide a robe and crown.

4. At the shining of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Raise their song of saving grace.

5. Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

SOLOS.

146 Marguerite.

1. Afar from God, in weariness and sin,
Thy soul has wandered many years;
And drinking deep of pleasure's cup,
Has quaffed its bitter tears,
Weary one.
Thy day is shortening ere its sun has set,
To Jesus turn, there's mercy still;
He loves and longs with great desire
Thy soul to fill,
Weary one.

CHORUS.

Yes, it washes white as snow;
Yes, it washes white as snow;
The precious Blood of Jesus,
It washes white as snow.

2. Away from childhood's home and innocence,
In sin's delusive toils ensnared;
Forgetting mother's prayers and tears,
Nor thought that Jesus cared,
 Weary one.
Yet mercy's gates were always open wide;
True joy and peace were ever there,
And Jesus now is waiting here
To answer prayer,
 Weary one.

3. He will not chide thee for the sinful past,
Nor turn aside thy tempted soul;
With love as boundless as 'tis free,
He will forgive the whole,
 Weary one.
Nor back to bondage shall thy footsteps slide,
Thy life no more be spoiled by sin;
His Blood will keep thee every hour
All pure within,
 Weary one. 72

147

Sweet By-and-Bye.

1. A wonderful Saviour is given,
 Freely for sinners was slain;
Sweet is the treasure of joy without measure
 Through Jesus' name.
Loving and healing with gladness,
 Seeking and saving the lost;
Wounded with sorrow and sadness,
 Dying in shame on the Cross.

CHORUS.

'Twas on dark Calvary where the Saviour died for thee,
There for the joy of the lost to save,
His life as a ransom for sinners He gave.
And 'tis there from His side that was opened deep and wide,
The crimson Blood's streaming, poor sinners redeeming,
 From dark Calvary!

2. The Saviour so gently is pleading,
 Long He has suffered for thee;
Taking in gladness your burden of sadness,
 In love so free.

Come, while in mercy He's calling,
 Pardon is offered to-day;
Power to cleanse now is falling,
 Power to wash sin away.

3. Sinner, the time is fast passing,
 Jesus is waiting so nigh;
Fly to the Fountain of Calvary's mountain,
 For pardon cry.
Light from the homeland is streaming.
 Welcome and pardon they sing,
Love from the Father is beaming,
 Rest for the weary they bring.

148

Good Old Summer Time.

1. I've a message so true, sinner friend, 'tis for you,
 Jesus saves to-day.
His mercy so free is extended to thee,
 Jesus saves to-day.
When I sought He was near, when I cried He did hear,
 And He came to my rescue that day;
Now for Him I am living with joy and thanksgiving,
 For my sins He has taken away.

CHORUS.

He'll wash your sins away, He'll wash your sins away,
Doubt and fear will disappear, your night He'll turn to-day;
For Jesus died on Calvary, and there your ransom did pay,
And though your sins are crimson red He'll wash them all away.

2. Sinner, now come away to the Saviour to-day,
 He will set you free.
Bring your burden of guilt to the Blood that was spilt,
 New life He'll give to thee.
For time is fast flying and justice is crying,
 And soon with the lost you may be;
Though in sin you've been living the Saviour's forgiving—
 He's waiting to set you free.

149 1. In tenderness He sought me,
Weary and sick with sin,
And on His shoulders brought me
Back to His fold again,
While angels in His presence sang
Until the courts of Heaven rang:

CHORUS.

Oh, the love that sought me!
Oh, the Blood that bought me!
Oh, the grace that brought me to the
fold!
Wondrous grace that brought me to
the fold!

2. He washed the bleeding sin-
wounds,
And poured in oil and wine,
He whispered to assure me,
"I've found thee, thou art mine."
I never heard a sweeter voice,
It made my aching heart rejoice.

150 Down Where the Cotton Blos-
som Grows.

1. I am waiting here below for the
chariot to swing low,
To take me to my heavenly home
above;
All this world seems fair to me, but
much fairer that will be,
When I see that city and the
friends above.
When at times the world seems drear,
and my heart is full of fear,
When it seems that all is sorrow
here below,
Then to Jesus I draw near, and I tell
Him of my fear,
And His loving smile soon drives
away my woe.

CHORUS.

Picture to-night a city fair and bright,
All its beauty never yet was told;
It's there I long to be, for loved ones
wait for me,
Up in that city paved with gold.

2. To the Saviour now draw nigh
and seek comfort from on high,
He has promised, if we trust, He
will be near;

Then just tell Him all your woe, and
with voice so soft and low
He will whisper sweetest words of
love and cheer.
All things dark will then grow clear,
and His loving voice you'll
hear,
Telling of that home of happiness
above;
Of the music and the light, in that
city fair and bright,
And of friends that want to wel-
come you with love.

151 1. Over the river faces I see,
Fair as the morning, looking
for me;
Free from their sorrow, grief and
despair,
Waiting and watching patiently there.

CHORUS.

Looking this way, yes, looking this
way,
Loved ones are waiting, looking this
way;
Fair as the morning, bright as the
day,
Dear ones in Glory, looking this way.

2. Father and mother, safe in the
vale,
Watch for the boatman, wait for the
sail,
Bearing the loved ones over the tide,
Into the harbor, near to their side.

3. Brother and sister, gone to that
clime,
Wait for the other coming some time;
Safe with the angels, whiter than
snow,
Watching for dear ones waiting be-
low.

152 Always in the Way.
1. Sometimes, when shadows cast
their gloom and darkness
hovers near,
The way seems rough and thorny and
my heart is filled with fear;

'Tis then I look to Calvary's Cross,
where Jesus bled in shame
To set me free, and find that He is
always just the same.

CHORUS.

Always just the same,
Glory to His name!
Through His death on Calvary,
By His Blood He sets me free.
Heaven swells the strain
Of His wondrous fame;
Nought need I fear while He is near,
He is always just the same.

2. When He who was the sinners' Friend left realms of joy on high,
He came to seek the lost ones, He had heard their bitter cry;
The dying thief was not cast out from Paradise to reign,
And so to-day, if you will pray, you'll find Him just the same.

3. O'er stony hearts the Saviour wept in days so long ago,
He longed His flock to gather, and to shield from sin and foe;
But Him they scoffed and crucified,
His brow they crowned with shame;
But Jesus lives, and still forgives,
He's always just the same.

153

Blue Bell.

1. Sinner, the day is dawning,
Time is fast fleeting by;
Maybe before the morning
'Twill be your turn to die.
If your death bell is ringing,
For you the lights burn low,
Are you to Jesus clinging?
Are you prepared to go?

CHORUS.

Jesus is calling, why longer stay?
His Blood can wash your every sin away.
Soon death will sweep you down to despair;
Come, while your Saviour waits to answer prayer.

2. Hear now, the Saviour is calling,
Open to Him your heart;
Down at His feet now falling
You from your sin may part.
Come now, His word believing,
Pardon He will bestow;
Come now, His grace receiving,
He'll make you white as snow.

154 1. When the harvest days are over,

And the chaff, the wheat and clover
Shall be gathered from the fields and stored away,

'Twill be sorted in the morning,
For the good Book gives us warning,

That accounts shall all be rendered on that day.

If we've laid up heavenly treasure
We shall reap unstinted measure
In that land of crowns and mansions in the sky;

If we've blown an earthly bubble
It will burst and burn like stubble
When the harvest days are over by-and-bye.

CHORUS.

When the harvest days are over by-and-bye,

When we stand before the Judgment Throne on high,

We shall know as we are known, we shall reap as we have sown,
When the harvest days are over by-and-bye.

2. Day by day the seed we're sowing

Is increasing while 'tis growing;
Wheat or tares, what will the final harvest be?

What a wailing! What a weeping!

What a sad, eternal reaping,
When the wicked hear His voice, "Depart from Me."

Let us, like the righteous, rather Hear the "Well done" of my

Father,

For a mansion He's prepared for you on high;

Then, in mansions up in Glory
We'll repeat the old, old story,

When the harvest days are over by-and-bye.

3. When the Summer days are ended,

And the crops have all been tended,
And we've gathered for the final Harvest Home,

We'll receive our increased measure
In earth's dross or heavenly treasure,

For we'll reap the kind of seed our lives have sown.

Let us to the righteous labor,
Love ourselves less than our neighbor,

Then we'll reap eternal life and never die.

We will drink of life's pure river,
On its banks we'll rest forever,
When the harvest days are over by-and-bye.

155 1. Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart every word,
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.
Tell how the angels, in chorus,
Sang as they welcomed His birth,
Glory to God in the highest,
Peace and good tidings to earth.

CHORUS.

Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart every word,
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.

2. Fasting alone in the desert,
Tell of the days that He passed,
How for our sins He was tempted,
Yet was triumphant at last.
Tell of the years of His labor,
Tell of the sorrows He bore,
He was despised and rejected,
Homeless, afflicted and poor.

3. Tell of the Cross where they nailed
Him,
Writhing in anguish and pain.
Tell of the grave where they laid
Him,
Tell how He liveth again.

Love in that story so tender
Clearer than ever I see,
Stay, let me weep while you whisper
Love paid the ransom for me.

156

Everybody Has a Whistle.

1. You will meet with people as you go about

Who will tell a tale of woe;
They will fill your ears with a full account

Of the days of long ago,
Of the glorious times that we used to have

When we were in our prime.
You can do your best, but you get no rest,

They haunt you all the time.

CHORUS.

Everybody has a part to play in the great Salvation War;
Everybody has a work to do, no matter who they are;
It makes no difference whatever your rank or what your talent be,
Each one, bar none, has a work in the great S. A.

2. They will tell you sadly, with a long-drawn sigh,
That The Army's not the same
As they remember in the days gone by;

But they don't say who's to blame.
You have met these people, so there is no use
In singing of them more.
If the truth were known they but seek excuse
For dropping from the war.

3. With their old-time stories and their old-time talk,
They are wasting lots of breath;
So we'll learn a lesson from these old-time folk

And fight right on till death.
We will not talk about the times we've had,
Nor of those yet to come;
With our hearts washed white, and our souls made right,
We'll fight till victory's won.

CHORUSES.

SALVATION.

Key Bb.

Are you coming home?
Born again.
Boundless love.
Come away, come away.
Come, come along with me.
Come home, come home.
Jesus died for you.
Jesus is calling, why longer stay?
Listen to her pleadings.
Oh, lay it down.
Oh, seek that beautiful.
Oh, the love that sought me.
Oh, the prodigal's coming home!
Pass me not.
Prepare me, Lord.
The blast of the trumpet.
The blood is all my plea.
The Lord will be gracious.
Then for that awful day.
There is mercy in Jesus.
There is no rest in Hell.
There's mercy still for thee.
Trim your lamps.
Turn to the Lord and seek.
While the light from Heaven.
Who'll be the next?
Whosoever will may come.
Will your lamps be trimmed?

Key Ab.

And yet He will thy sins forgive.
At the Cross.
Behold Me standing.
Come to Jesus.
Come with thy sins.
Crowned with thorns.
Down at the cross.
Eternity, where will you?
God is near thee.
Hark! hear the Saviour.
His blood can make the vilest.
If I ask Him to.
I'm going to spend eternity.
Life's morn will soon.
My many sins, He pardoned me.

O Lamb of God, I come.
Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb.
Oh, you must be a lover.
Oh, wash my sins away, away.
Pray, sinner, pray, and Christ.
Return, O wanderer.
Say, poor sinner.
There is cleansing in.
The wounds of Christ.
Turn to the Lord.

Key C.

All the way to Calvary.
Almost persuaded.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus.
Bring back thy heart.
For you I am praying.
He from thy burden.
I am coming to the cross.
Jesus is looking for thee.
My Lord, what a mourning!
Oh, no, nothing do I bring.
Oh, remember Calvary.
Oh, won't you come back?
Steal away to Jesus.
Take all my sins away.
Tell it again.
That means me.
There are angels hovering.
What can wash away?
When the chariot's lowering.
When the mighty trump.
Yield to the strivings.
You are drifting to your doom.

Key F.

All the world can ne'er.
Dear Jesus, on Calvary.
Ere the sun goes down.
For the Lion of Judah.
Grace for the weary.
Hasten home quickly.
I'm coming, dear Lord, to Thee.
Jesus is calling.
Love shall be the conqueror.
O Saviour, I am coming.
Oh, take me as I am.
Oh, the drunkard may come.

Oh, what shall the answer be?
While the heavenly music.
When the harvest days are over.
Why not to-night?
Yet the cleansing blood is flowing.

Key Eb.

Are you ready for Heaven?
Haste away to Jesus.
I am coming, Lord.
Nay, but I yield.
Oh, yes, there's salvation.

Key C.

Ask the Saviour to help.
Death is coming.
He'll wash your sins away.
He will break every fetter.
Jesus now is passing.
Oh, Calvary's a stream is.
Oh, glorious fountain.
On Calvary.
Prepare me, Lord.
Sinner, death to you is speeding.
Sown in the darkness.
To heal the broken-heart.
To Thy cross I come, Lord.
'Twas on dark Calvary.
You never can tell

HOLINESS.*Key Bb.*

Faith, mighty faith.
Grace there is.
I bring my all to Thee.
Jesus is strong to deliver.
My heart is now whiter than snow.
My heart's door wide.
My Lord, oh, let the waves.
Oh, send another.
Oh, speak white.
Oh, the blood is all my plea.
Oh, the cleansing stream.
Power Divine.
Rock of Ages.
Saviour, dear Saviour, draw.
Speak, Saviour, speak.
The old-time power, Lord, I am
claiming.
The path is very narrow.
The precious blood is flowing.

There is power, wonder-working
power.
Thou hast the power.
Wonderful love.

Key Ab.

Blessed Jesus, speak to me.
Come, oh, come, great Spirit.
For the cross I am ready.
Give me a heart.
Glory! hallelujah! I have given.
I have a Saviour who's.
I'll be true, Lord, to Thee.
I'll do what You want.
I'll follow Thee, of life.
I'm believing and receiving.
I need Thee.
It's all I want.
It's rolling in.
Keep on believing.
Oh, far whiter than the snow.
Oh, for a deeper.
Oh, pour it in my soul.
Oh, say, will you take up your cross?
Pour Thy Spirit.
Reign, oh, reign.
Take my poor heart.
Take my warmest, best.
The cleansing stream.
Thou art enough.
'Tis the very same power.
To the uttermost.
Where He leads.

Key G.

Beautiful cross.
Dear Jesus is the One.
Fill me now.
Have faith in God.
I am glad there is.
I will follow the Lamb.
No sacrifice I count too dear.
Oh, it comes o'er my soul.
Over me it is flowing.
Perfect peace I enjoy.
The cross now covers.
Thou art enough for me.
Victory in Jesus for me.
Walk with me.
Washed in the blood white as snow.

Key F.

All I have I am.
All my heart I give Thee.
Always just the same.
At Thy feet I fall.

Friendship with Jesus.
He's the Lily, O my Lord!
I dare, Lord, to do all.
I have not much.
In the cross.
Lord, with my all I part.
Oh, that's the place.
Oh, the blood to me.
Oh, 'tis coming.
Oh, what a Redeemer.
Only Jesus will I know.
Over me let the mighty billows roll.
Thine, Thine, I will be Thine.
Trusting Thee ever.
Were the whole realm.

Key Eb.

Anywhere with Jesus.
Calvary's stream it is.
Ever Thine, Thine alone.
Give me a heart like Thine.
He can save, save.
I'm claiming new grace.
I will follow Thee, my Saviour.
Jesus is my light and song.
Living beneath the shade of the cross.
My all is on the altar.
My sins are under.
Now search me and try me.
Oh, glory to His name.
Oh, I'll take another look.
Oh, take me back to Calvary.
Oh, the peace my Saviour.
Round us flows the cleansing river.
Saviour, my all I surrender.
Tell me the story.
The cross is not greater.
There's a laying down.

Key C.

Christ is all in all to me.
Down at the Saviour's.
Draw me nearer.
God is love I know.
I'll cling closer.
In white, in white.
I will not let Thee go.
Jesus is the dearest.
Jesus, my Saviour is speaking.
Keep me unspotted.
No, never alone.
Thou art a mighty.
Would you know why I adore.

EXPERIENCE AND VICTORY.

Key C.

Down where the living.
Everybody has a part to play.
Fighting on the narrow way.
Have faith when the clouds.
He's the Lily of.
I'll be your Saviour.
I'll stand for Christ.
Joy, joy, wonderful joy.
Lord, keep the fire burning.
Marching on, marching on.
Oh, I'm climbing up.
The heavenly gales.
There's no one like Jesus.
We are the Army of Salvation brave.
We'll all shout hallelujah.

Key Bb.

A wonderful Saviour is.
By the blood my.
From my weary heart.
Fully trusting.
Gone is my burden.
Hallelujah! I am glad to tell.,
I'll fight for Thee all the way.
I'll gird on the armor.
I'm bound for Canaan's shore.
Jesus is mine forever.
My chains fell off.
My heart is full of.
My heart is now whiter.
The day of victory's.
The grace of God it is so sweet.
The light of the world.
There is sunlight.
This is where you'll find.
'Twas a happy day.
We'll cross the river.
Yesterday, to-day.

Key Eb.

After the fighting is over.
Keep waving.
Marching along.
Never say die.
We'll fight till we die.
We shall conquer all through the blood.
With sword and shield.

Key Ab.

At the cross, where I first.
Blessedly saved.

For Jesus, my Saviour, is all in all.
 I believe we shall win.
 I'm glad salvation's free.
 I'm going to spend.
 Let the blessed sunshine in.
 March on, march on.
 My sins rose as high.
 No, we never will give in.
 Numberless as the sands.
 Oh, I am a soldier, glory to God!
 Oh, The Army will be ready.
 Salvation is the best thing.
 Saved and kept.
 That means me.
 Then awake.
 'Tis well with the righteous, well.
 Victory for me.
 We will march through the world.
 When the road we tread is rough.
 With the conquering Son of God.

Key F.

A little talk with Jesus.
 And above the rest.
 I love Him far better.
 I love Jesus, hallelujah!
 Lord, I believe! Lord, I believe!
 Oh, salvation full and free.
 Oh, the Blood of Jesus cleanses.
 Oh, the crowning day.
 Oh, 'twas love.
 Rolled away, the burden.
 Steadily forward march.
 The Yellow, Red and Blue.
 We're The Army that shall.

Key G.

A Friend ever faithful.
 A never-failing Friend.
 Dear Jesus is the One.
 He gave me joy.
 He's the Lily of the Valley.
 Jesus came with peace.

Jesus, precious and sweet.
 Let us walk in the light.
 Oh, I'm glad I'm ready.
 Over me it is flowing.
 Praise God! I'm saved.
 So we'll roll the old.
 The War, the Salvation War.
 Though the waves rise high.
 Yes, He gave me peace.

HEAVEN.*Key Ab.*

At the end of our journey.
 Bright crowns there are.
 I'm going home, where the angels
 dwell.

I'm going to be an angel.
 I shall be there! I shall be there!
 It's Heaven, blest Heaven.
 Life's morn will soon be waning.
 Looking this way.
 Meet me in the city of.
 My home is in Heaven, there'll be
 no parting there.
 Oh, swing them open, angels.
 On, on, on, I'm traveling on.
 On the banks of the beautiful river.
 Picture to-night a city fair.
 There's a golden harp in Glory.
 We shall walk through the valley in
 peace.
 When I come to death's dark river.
 When the trumpet sounds I'm ready
 for to go.
 While the years roll on.

Key Eb.

Till we meet at Jesus' feet.

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